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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

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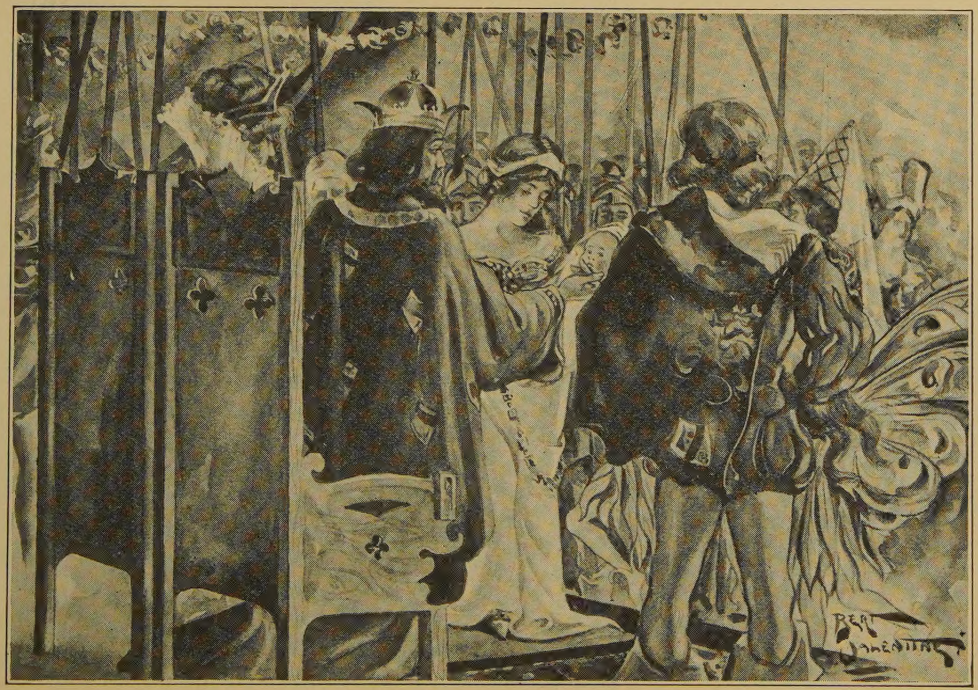

"RIGHT WELCOME ARE YOU ALL TO THE PRINCESS'S CHRISTENING," SAID THE KING.

EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?

A DRAMATIC READER

BY

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FOR WOMEN, FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERT VALENTINE

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PREFACE

THE majority of these dramatizations have been worked out in reading classes of the third and fourth grades, the class text being used as a basis, and much of the dramatizing being done by the pupils. Later they have been presented as part or all of programs of various degrees of elaborateness, from the "Friday Afternoon" exercises to those considered of sufficient dignity to be given "in the Auditorium." Some of them have been used again and again with different classes.

They are collected here with the purpose of providing teachers with material for programs, which may be worked up in the regular class time, affording acquaintance with

15168

a variety of child literature and lively and interested practice in oral reading, and at the same time preparing for public exercises.

It is hoped that the use of these selections will lead teachers and pupils to dramatize and present others that may appear in their reading texts, and that the work may be as joyous for them as it has proved to be for the boys and girls who have helped to make this book.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. In Three Scenes . . . 1

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE. In One Scene . . 21
Dramatized from "Through the Looking Glass."

CINDERELLA. In Four Scenes 37

THE STORY OF JOSEPH. In Five Scenes . . . 67
Dramatized from the Bible.

THE BROWNIES. In Three Scenes 93
Dramatized from "The Brownies," by Mrs. Ewing.

THREE LITTLE CHRISTMAS WAITS. In Four Scenes . 117
Dramatized from "The Peace Egg," by Mrs. Ewing.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. In Two Scenes . . 135
Dramatized from the poem by Robert Browning.

GLUCK'S VISITOR. In Two Scenes 151
Dramatized from "The King of the Golden River," by John Ruskin.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN THREE SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

KING LODER

THE QUEEN

THE PRINCESS

FOUR MEADOW FAIRIES

FOUR WOOD FAIRIES

FOUR WATER FAIRIES

MALEFAY, the wicked Fairy

THE PRINCE

OLD WOMAN, who is really Malefay

GUESTS, SOLDIERS, ETC.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SCENE 1

(The great hall of the king's palace, hung with flags and garlands. It is the time that has been set for the baby princess to be christened. Guests are arriving, and being shown to their places.)

FIRST GUEST. This is a great day for our kingdom.

SECOND GUEST. You may well say so. For many a year have the king and queen and all their people longed for a little child in the palace. This little princess will have a right royal welcome.

THIRD GUEST. They say that it is because of the spells of the wicked fairy Malefay that the king and queen have been childless all these years.

FOURTH GUEST. Sh! Sh! Do not name her name. She may be here now, who can tell? Woe to man or woman who earns her anger.

THIRD GUEST. She is not invited to-day. My cousin, the queen's maid, told me so. All the other fairies in the kingdom are to be here, but who would wish a wicked old witch like Malefay to come?

FOURTH GUEST. The king is a brave man perhaps, but to me it seems foolish rather than brave to leave the fairy Malefay unasked.

THIRD GUEST. Do you think she will try to do any evil to the little princess?

FIRST GUEST. If the princess were my little daughter, —

SECOND GUEST. Look, look! Who comes yonder?

THIRD GUEST. Surely they are the fairies themselves.

FIRST GUEST. Those are the fairies of the Oak Wood. Many a time have I seen one or

the other of them as I passed along the wood road near sunset.

(*Four wood fairies are ushered to high seats in the hall.*)

THIRD GUEST. And these who are coming now must be the Silver Brook fairies. See their silvery robes, like water in the sunshine.

(*Four water fairies are ushered in.*)

FOURTH GUEST. Are these all the fairies of the kingdom?

FIRST GUEST. No, the Green Meadow fairies are yet to come.

SECOND GUEST. They are coming now. See yonder, the four in green, with the flower wreaths.

FOURTH GUEST. How beautiful they all are! Surely the little princess will have a happy christening day, if only Malefay does not come.

THIRD GUEST. Do stop talking about Male-

fay. You will spoil all the pleasure of the day with your croaking.

FOURTH GUEST. Croaking you may call it, but I wish nothing had been done to anger the wicked fairy.

FIRST GUEST. Look! The christening party is coming. How noble the king looks, and how proud!

SECOND GUEST. Is not our queen beautiful? How happy her face is!

FOURTH GUEST. And see, there comes the maid with the little princess. What a beautiful christening robe!

(*Enter the royal party. All the guests bow or courtesy as they pass.*)

KING. Right welcome are you all to the princess's christening. She is your princess as well as ours.

GUESTS. Long live the king! Long live the queen! Long live our little princess!

(*The wood fairies come forward.*)

FIRST WOOD FAIRY. The fairies of the wood rejoice that at last there is a princess to play under the trees. She shall be safe from all harm while she wanders in the Oak Wood. And this fairy flute shall call the elves and wood people whenever she wishes them to play with her.

SECOND WOOD FAIRY. This golden box contains the bloom of health for her pretty cheeks. Her color shall be like the sweet wood roses from which it is made.

THIRD WOOD FAIRY. My gift to our little princess is joyousness. She shall be as glad all the day as the sunbeams that dance among the forest leaves.

FOURTH WOOD FAIRY. And I give her a voice that shall be as sweet as the song of the birds that nest in the Oak Wood.

QUEEN. I thank you all for these beautiful gifts. When the princess is old enough

to play with you, she will thank you for herself.

(*The water fairies come forward.*)

FIRST WATER FAIRY. Every ripple in Silver Brook, and every waterfall along its shining way, has sent a greeting to the little princess in whose honor we are here to-day. They have sent to her the gift of clear and beautiful eyes, like the pools among the rocks. She shall see far, and see surely.

SECOND WATER FAIRY. This is water from our own fairy spring. Bathe the little princess in it, if you would have her always young as well as beautiful.

THIRD WATER FAIRY. I grant the princess that her laughter shall be as musical and soft as the voice of the brook.

FOURTH WATER FAIRY. And I give her teeth as beautiful and white as the pearls in our Father Ocean's treasure house.

QUEEN. How can I thank you for these

fairy gifts? Surely my little daughter is the most fortunate baby in the world.

(*The fairies of the Green Meadow come forward.*)

FIRST MEADOW FAIRY. And yet there are other gifts. We have come to make the little princess welcome to the Green Meadow as well as to the Silver Brook and the Oak Wood. There she may make friends with the bees and butterflies and all the flower people. I grant to her ears that can hear and understand the language of all the meadow folk.

SECOND MEADOW FAIRY. And that their play together may be happy, I bring her the gift of a kind and loving heart.

THIRD MEADOW FAIRY. My gift is like my sister's, yet not the same. I bestow upon the princess the love of all who see her.

(*The witch* MALEFAY *rushes in.*)

MALEFAY. Love her all you will! Much good will it do her. *I* have a gift for the prin-

cess too. I grant her that when she is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger on a spindle and fall down dead that very moment. Now make the best you can of that!

"NOW MAKE THE BEST YOU CAN OF THAT!"

(*She rushes out again.*)

FOURTH MEADOW FAIRY. My gift has not been given. I cannot destroy this wicked charm, but I can soften it. When she pricks her finger, she shall not die, but she shall fall asleep for a hundred years. Then shall come

a prince who shall wake her with a kiss and make her his bride. All in the palace shall sleep with her through the hundred years, and waken when she wakes.

QUEEN. Oh, for this I thank you! I thank you with all my heart. Indeed, I thank you all. (*To the Maid.*) Give me my baby.

KING. Malefay's spell shall not hold. Am I not king of this country? Heralds, go out through all the land, and command that every spindle be brought to the palace and burned before my eyes. If there be a spindle found in the country after the word has passed, it shall be burned, and the house that holds it, and all within.

(*The Heralds go out.*)

FIRST WATER FAIRY. Naught can alter the spell that the fairies have laid.

FIRST WOOD FAIRY. The charm must hold as the fairies have said.

FIRST MEADOW FAIRY.

Burn all the spindles, and yet you shall see
As the fairies have said, so the charm it shall be.

SCENE 2

(*Fifteen years later. Scene: the interior of a castle tower. On one side a small closed door. On the other an open door at the head of a flight of stairs. Enter the* PRINCESS *from the stairway.*)

PRINCESS. What fun! There are mother and nurse sitting outside my room, watching the door like two cats at a mouse hole. They never thought I might get out of the window. I can't see why they don't want me to go out to-day. It's the prettiest day in the world, and my birthday, too. Fifteen years old to-day! Why, I'm old enough to go to a ball. The idea of shutting me up from the sunshine a day like this! And all they would say was "You'll understand some day why you have to stay in now." I don't care if I never understand. I just want to get out

and see the sun and the birds and the pretty meadow flowers.

I don't know why I never saw that little balcony outside my window before. But there it was, just when I was looking all around wondering if some one wouldn't come to take me out, exactly as if I had had a fairy wish. And that funny little door on the end of it opened when I looked at it, too, just like fairies. To think I had never found it before, when I have lived in this castle all my life. And to think I had never climbed up into this tower before. Why, I never even knew there was a tower here! I wonder if there are any other old shut-up stairways or doors I have never found. When I finish seeing what is here, I'll just go look for some more.

(*She is walking round as she talks, and suddenly sees the little closed door.*)

Dear me, there's another door. It looks as if it hadn't been opened in a thousand years. I wonder if I can get in there too.

"WHY, I NEVER EVEN KNEW THERE WAS A TOWER HERE!"

(*As she stands looking at the door, it slowly opens, showing a little room, in which sits a very old woman, spinning.*)

PRINCESS. (*Starting back.*) Oh!

OLD WOMAN. Don't be afraid, my dear. There's nothing to hurt you here. Come in and see me.

PRINCESS. I'd love to come in. I was just scared because I didn't know there was anybody up here. What is that wheel, and what are you doing?

OLD WOMAN. I'm spinning, and this is a spinning wheel.

PRINCESS. How pretty it is! What is it for? I never saw anything like it.

OLD WOMAN. It is to make the threads your dress is woven of. Come and see how I do it.

PRINCESS. Will you show me how? I should like to see if I can do it.

OLD WOMAN. Surely you can. Come and try.

PRINCESS. What is this little piece across here, with the thread wound on it?

OLD WOMAN. That is the spindle. Watch how it turns.

"I HAVE — PRICKED — MY —"

PRINCESS. Let me do it. Oh, dear, it is sharp, isn't it? I have — pricked — my —

(*She sinks down fast asleep.*)

OLD WOMAN. Aha! Aha! The king would set his power against mine. *He* was ruler in this land, was he? He would burn all the spindles, would he? Aha! Aha! Aha!

SCENE 3

(*One hundred years later. Scene: the great hall of the palace. The king and queen sitting upon their thrones, fast asleep. Soldiers, courtiers, maids, etc., all standing in the positions they were in when sleep overtook them. On a couch the* PRINCESS *is sleeping. Enter the* PRINCE.)

PRINCE. Did ever man see a castle like this? All about it a hedge of thorn trees, as high as the castle towers, that parted before me like silken curtains at my first touch. And inside all asleep. Out in the stables the horses are asleep. The dog sleeps on the door-step, the cat by the kitchen hearth, the very flies are asleep on the walls. King and queen, soldiers and pretty maids, all sleeping.

(*He sees the* PRINCESS *and stops still.*)

Am I too asleep? Surely this is a dream. Never in waking hours saw I so fair a maiden.

(*He lifts a lock of her hair, and touches her hand.*)

'Tis like golden silk, and yet 'tis real. And this hand, though soft as a rose petal, is surely yet a hand. Real are these cheeks, this pretty dimple, these tender lips. Have they ever, I wonder, felt a real kiss?

(*He drops on one knee, while still holding the* PRINCESS'S *hand, and kisses her. She opens her eyes, and he rises and raises her to her feet at his*

"SURELY THIS IS A DREAM"

side. Every one else in the room awakes at the same moment, and the fairies of the Oak Wood, the Green Meadow, and the Silver Brook come dancing in.)

FIRST WOOD FAIRY.

The hundred years are over,
And, kneeling by her side,
The princess sees her lover,
And he his lovely bride.

FIRST MEADOW FAIRY.

The witch's spell is broken,
To-day is time for laughter,
The prince shall wed his princess,
And live happy ever after.

FIRST WATER FAIRY.

Come, join our merry reveling;
Let hearts be light and voices gay,
Trumpets be wound and bells resound,
And gladness fill their wedding day.

(In a grand march, the whole company passes out, the fairies dancing on ahead, followed by the PRINCE *and* PRINCESS, *then by the king and queen, and then by courtiers, maids, and soldiers.)*

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

(Dramatized from "Through the Looking Glass.")

IN ONE SCENE

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ALICE

TWEEDLEDUM

TWEEDLEDEE

THE RED KING

THE CROW

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

(*A wood, with one road running through it. Two finger posts on the road, both pointing the same way, one marked "To Tweedledum's House," the other "To Tweedledee's House." Enter* ALICE.)

ALICE. And now which of these finger posts ought I to follow, I wonder. I'll settle it when the road divides and they point different ways.

(*She walks on, till she comes to a fork in the road. Here are two more finger posts, marked like the first two, and both pointing the same way.*)

I do believe that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before. But I can't stay there long. I'll just call and say "How do you do?" and ask them the way out of the wood.

(*She wanders on. Suddenly she comes upon two little fat men, standing under a tree, each with an arm around the other's neck. One of them has "Dum" embroidered on his collar, and the other has "Dee."*)

They must be Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Just look at their collars! I suppose they've each got "Tweedle" round at the back. I'll look round to see.

TWEEDLEDUM. If you think we're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE. I'm sure I'm very sorry. (*Aside.*) They make me think of the old song:

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

"IF YOU THINK WE'RE WAXWORKS, YOU OUGHT TO PAY, YOU KNOW"

"Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel."

TWEEDLEDUM. I know what you're thinking about. But it isn't so, nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if it was so,

it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it isn't. That's logic.

ALICE. I was thinking which is the best way out of this wood. It's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?

(*The two little men look at each other and grin.*)

TWEEDLEDUM. You've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How do you do?" and shake hands.

(*The brothers give each other a hug, and then hold out their two hands that are free, to shake hands with her.*)

ALICE. (*Aside.*) What shall I do? If I take either first, the other will be offended. I'd better take both at once.

(*She does so; the next moment they are all dancing around in a ring, singing.*)

ALL.

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

TWEEDLEDUM. (*Stopping suddenly.*) Four times round is enough for one time.

ALICE. I hope you're not much tired?

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow. And thank you for asking.

TWEEDLEDEE. So much obliged. Do you like poetry?

ALICE. Ye-es, pretty well — some poetry. Will you tell me which road leads out of the wood?

TWEEDLEDEE. (*To* TWEEDLEDUM.) What shall I repeat to her?

TWEEDLEDUM. "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is the longest.

ALICE. If it's very long, will you please tell me first which road —

(*A loud noise is heard, something like the puffing of a large steam engine. It comes from the wood near them.*)

Are there any lions or tigers about here?

TWEEDLEDEE. It's only the Red King snoring.

TWEEDLEDUM. Come and look at him!

"IT'S ONLY THE RED KING SNORING"

(*They each take one of Alice's hands and lead her up to where the* RED KING *is sleeping. He has a tall red nightcap on, with a tassel, and he is lying crumpled up in a heap, snoring hard.*)

TWEEDLEDUM. Isn't he a lovely sight?

TWEEDLEDEE. He's snoring fit to snore his head off!

ALICE. I'm afraid he'll catch cold with lying on the damp grass.

TWEEDLEDEE. He's dreaming now. And what do you think he's dreaming about?

ALICE. Nobody can guess that.

TWEEDLEDEE. Why, it's about you! And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?

ALICE. Where I am now, of course.

TWEEDLEDEE. Not you! You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream.

TWEEDLEDUM. If that there King was to wake, you'd go out—bang—just like a candle!

ALICE. I shouldn't! Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?

TWEEDLEDEE. (*Loudly.*) Ditto!

TWEEDLEDUM. (*More loudly still.*) Ditto! Ditto!

ALICE. Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.

TWEEDLEDUM. Well, it's no use your talking about waking him, when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real.

ALICE. (*Beginning to cry.*) I am real.

TWEEDLEDEE. You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying. There's nothing to cry about.

ALICE. If I wasn't real, I shouldn't be able to cry.

TWEEDLEDUM. I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?

ALICE. (*Aside.*) I know they're talking nonsense, and it's foolish to cry about it. (*Aloud.*) I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really it is getting very dark. Do you think it is going to rain?

TWEEDLEDUM. (*Raising a large umbrella over himself and his brother.*) No, I don't think it is, at least, not under here. Nohow.

ALICE. But it may rain outside?

TWEEDLEDEE. It may, if it chooses. We have no objection. Contrariwise.

ALICE. Selfish things! I won't stay here any longer.

(*She turns to go, when* TWEEDLEDUM *springs out from under the umbrella, seizes her by the wrist, and points to a small white thing under the tree.*)

TWEEDLEDUM. Do you see that?

ALICE. It's only a rattle. Not a rattle-snake, you know, only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

TWEEDLEDUM. I knew it was! It's spoiled, of course.

ALICE. You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

TWEEDLEDUM. But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you! I bought it yesterday! My nice new rattle! (*To* TWEEDLEDEE.) Of course you agree to have a battle?

TWEEDLEDEE. I suppose so, only she must help us to dress up, you know.

(*They go off hand in hand into the wood, and return in a minute with their arms full of things: bolsters, blankets, rugs, tablecloths, dish covers, and coal scuttles.*)

TWEEDLEDUM. (*To* ALICE.) I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings. Every one of these things has got to go on somehow or other.

TWEEDLEDEE. (*Handing her a bolster.*) Please put this around my neck, to keep my head from being cut off. You know, it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle, to get one's head cut off.

TWEEDLEDUM. (*Coming up with a saucepan.*) Tie this helmet on, please. Do I look very pale?

ALICE. Well — yes — a little.

TWEEDLEDUM. I'm very brave generally, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

TWEEDLEDEE. And I've got a toothache. I'm far worse than you.

"TIE THIS HELMET ON, PLEASE. DO I LOOK VERY PALE?"

ALICE. Then you'd better not fight to-day.

TWEEDLEDUM. We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What is the time now?

TWEEDLEDEE. (*Looking at his watch.*) Half past four.

TWEEDLEDUM. Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

TWEEDLEDEE. Very well, and she can

watch us, — only you'd better not come very close. I generally hit everything I can see, when I get really excited.

TWEEDLEDUM. And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

ALICE. You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

TWEEDLEDUM. I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far around, by the time we've finished.

ALICE. And all about a rattle!

TWEEDLEDUM. I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

ALICE. (*Aside.*) I wish the monstrous crow would come.

TWEEDLEDUM. (*To* TWEEDLEDEE.) There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella, it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin at once. It's getting as dark as it can.

TWEEDLEDEE. And darker.

ALICE. There must be a thunderstorm

coming on. What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!

TWEEDLEDUM. It's the crow! Run! Run! Run!

(*The brothers take to their heels, and are out of sight in a minute, leaving* ALICE *standing in the middle of the road.*)

CINDERELLA

IN FOUR SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

CINDERELLA

THE TWO STEPSISTERS

THE STEPMOTHER

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

THE HERALD

GUESTS

CINDERELLA

Scene 1

(Cinderella's *home. The stepmother and her two daughters are sitting together, talking.*)

Older Daughter. Mother, why did you marry a man who already had a child to care for? She will be in our way.

Second Daughter. We have been here only ten days, and my sister and I hate her already. We do not want her around.

Mother. Never mind, children. We will keep her out of the way. Before I married her father I had to pretend that I liked her, because if I had not, he would never have married me.

Older Daughter. But you know that you never have liked her. Did you think you

could send her away after you were married? Why did you want to marry her father anyhow?

MOTHER. Because he is very, very rich. Only see what a beautiful home he has! We were very poor, you know, and now he will take good care of us all our lives. We need not let the girl trouble us.

OLDER DAUGHTER. I do not see how we can help it.

MOTHER. We will make her do all the hard work that we do not want to do ourselves.

OLDER DAUGHTER. Oh, what fun! She shall wash the dishes, scour the pans, scrub the floors, dust the rooms, clean the grates, and take out the ashes.

SECOND DAUGHTER. We will give her all the dirty work to do. It would soil our hands and clothes.

OLDER DAUGHTER. And what shall we do, mother?

MOTHER. You, my dears? You shall have

fine carpeted rooms, with beautiful furniture and great, clear mirrors, and soft chairs to sit on all day, if you wish.

OLDER DAUGHTER. How lovely, mother! What kind of room shall the girl have?

MOTHER. She shall sleep in the attic on an old straw mattress. She can have the broken chair, but not even a mirror as small as the palm of my hand.

SECOND DAUGHTER. But, mother, will the girl do all the hard, dirty tasks? Won't she tell her father? Will he let us treat her like a servant and make her sleep in the attic? Won't he be angry?

MOTHER. Trust me to manage that. Her father will be away from home all day and he will not see what goes on.

OLDER DAUGHTER. But the girl can tell him when he comes home at night.

MOTHER. When a man comes home, he likes to be in peace. He will not listen to her tales. He will be too busy talking to me to

pay any attention to her. She knows better than to interrupt. I think she has already learned her place.

SECOND DAUGHTER. When the day's work is done, shall the girl sit in the parlor with us?

MOTHER. Oh, no, I have already told her that when her work is over, she can rest in the chimney corner. The cinders will keep her warm.

OLDER DAUGHTER. That is a good place for her. After she has scrubbed the floors, washed the dishes, cleaned the grates, and taken out the ashes, she will be as dirty as the cinders in which she sits.

SECOND DAUGHTER. We ought to give her a nickname to fit her looks. Ashcat or Cinder-girl would be good enough for her.

OLDER DAUGHTER. Let's call her Cinder-ella. That means one who sits in the cinders.

MOTHER. Ha! ha! my dears, you are clever children! We will call her Cinderella.

She is really handsome, but it will never do for her to know it. If we keep her in dirty rags, call her Cinderella, and never let her have a mirror, she will not be likely to find out how beautiful she really is.

BOTH DAUGHTERS. Oh, mother! How can you think she is beautiful? Look at us!

MOTHER. My precious darlings! Of course she is not to be spoken of in the same breath with either of you.

OLDER DAUGHTER. Where is she now? Surely she ought to have some work to do.

MOTHER. She is down in the kitchen sweeping the floor. I told her I would beat her if she dared to stop before I told her to.

OLDER DAUGHTER. There is my comb on the floor. I think I will call her to come up these three flights of stairs to pick it up.

SECOND DAUGHTER. I'll ring the bell for her to come up.

(*She pulls the bell rope, and in a little while* CINDERELLA *comes in.*)

OLDER DAUGHTER. Oh, you horrid creature! Don't come near me with your dirty face and hands. If you ever looked in the glass, you would see what a sight you are.

SECOND DAUGHTER. We have a name that just suits you. It is Cinderella. Cinderella! Ha! ha!

OLDER DAUGHTER. Ha! ha! my fine Cinderella! I hear a knock at the great doors. Wipe the soot off your dirty face and go answer it.

(CINDERELLA *hurries out, and soon returns with a fine card with gold letters and a red seal.*)

OLDER DAUGHTER. Give it here, you impudent thing. I do believe you are reading it.

(*Mother and daughters all try to see it at the same time.*)

SECOND DAUGHTER. (*Jumping about and waving her arms.*) It is from the king's son!

It is an invitation for all of us to go to a ball at the palace!

OLDER DAUGHTER. (*Joyously, skipping all about the room.*) How excited I am! What shall we wear to this wonderful ball?

MOTHER. My beautiful daughters! No one there shall have handsomer dresses than you. I will make your father buy you the finest silks in the land.

CINDERELLA. Will you ask him to buy one for me, too?

MOTHER. You! What would an ugly thing like you do going to a ball? Indeed, I will not. You will stay at home and see that the fire does not go out.

OLDER DAUGHTER. I shall have a fine blue velvet gown with trimmings of gold lace.

SECOND DAUGHTER. I shall have a dress of purple satin with a long train, and I shall wear my diamond necklace, which is finer than anything that you have.

OLDER DAUGHTER. And I shall wear my

new fur coat, which is finer than any coat *you* have.

SECOND DAUGHTER. You spiteful thing, I hate you.

OLDER DAUGHTER. You are afraid the king's son will like me best, because you know I am much prettier than you are.

MOTHER. Hush, children. Why are you quarreling? Let me hear no more of it. Go to your rooms and get out the clothes you will need Cinderella to wash for you. Cinderella, all their fine white petticoats must be freshly washed and starched and ironed, and the ruffles must be fluted. Hurry, you lazy thing, there is no time to waste! It is not every day that we get an invitation from the king's son.

SCENE 2

(*The kitchen.* CINDERELLA *sitting in the corner by the fireplace.*)

CINDERELLA. How I wish I could go to the ball! My sisters will dance all night, and

talk to the king's son, too. The invitation was meant for me as well as for them. And I do love to dance! If I only had some fine clothes I might find a way to go, but these rags are fit for nothing but a kitchen girl. They scold me for being so dirty and ragged. How can I help it? I never have any clothes but those they throw away, and they leave the meanest tasks for me. They wear fine dresses and sit in the parlor on soft cushions, while I do all the kitchen work. They have nothing to do but stand before the mirror all day, but if I had even a bit of broken mirror, they'd never let me have time to look in it. It's ring, ding, at the bell all day, and no matter how busy I am, I have to drop everything to run and wait on them. It would do them good to wait upon themselves once in a while. (CINDERELLA *begins to sob.*) But — but — I want to go to the ball — and — have a good time. I —

(*There is a knock at the door. It opens before* CINDERELLA *can get up, and the* FAIRY GODMOTHER *comes in.*)

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Why are you crying so hard, my dear?

CINDERELLA. (*Sobbing.*) I wish — I want —

FAIRY GODMOTHER. You want to go to the ball, is that it?

(CINDERELLA *nods her head, still sobbing.*)

Well, well, perhaps we can find a way for you to go. First, stop crying, and listen to me, and we'll see what can be done. Have you a large pumpkin?

CINDERELLA. But — what has — a — pumpkin —

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Never mind. Never mind why I want a pumpkin. The important thing is to get it.

CINDERELLA. Oh, we have plenty of pumpkins. See all these fine large ones. Jack

gathered them yesterday. He said this big one would make pies for the whole town.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. That's good. That largest one will do nicely. Take it just outside the door and put it down. I'll make a coach of it for you, and there wouldn't be room for a coach in this tiny room.

Now we shall need some horses. Take the mousetrap and place it beside the pumpkin. One stroke of this magic wand will turn those four little mice into the finest horses you ever saw.

CINDERELLA. Now we need some one to drive the coach.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. So we do. Let me see, let me see. What shall we do for a driver?

CINDERELLA. How would a rat do, godmother? I saw a great gray one in the trap a little while ago.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. The very thing, my child. We'll make a fine coachman of him. Put him out with the coach and the horses.

"ONE STROKE OF THIS MAGIC WAND WILL TURN THOSE FOUR LITTLE MICE INTO THE FINEST HORSES YOU EVER SAW"

Now, my dear, your carriage is waiting just outside the door. You see you can go to the ball.

CINDERELLA. But, godmother, not in these rags! I can't go after all!

(*Begins to sob again.*)

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Hush, hush. There's no need to cry. You do need fine clothes for a ball. Even your sisters, fine as they think themselves, couldn't go to a ball unless they had beautiful dresses to hide their ugly hearts.

CINDERELLA. But I have no good clothes. They never let me wear anything but their old rags.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. This magic wand of mine can get fine dresses as well as a coach and four horses for you. I'll just change those rags into beautiful clothes.

(*Waves her wand.*)

CINDERELLA. Oh, godmother, how beautiful, how beautiful! I never had a dress like

this, even when my own dear mother was living.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. (*Pulling a pair of slippers out of her pocket.*) And here are your slippers. They are not magic, but your godmother's own gift to you. Slip them on, and then away with you to the ball!

CINDERELLA. How can I ever thank you, dear godmother?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Have a good time at the ball. That's all the thanks I need, my dear.

CINDERELLA. I shall certainly do that, godmother. Oh, I shall dance and dance. Perhaps even the prince will dance with me.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. One thing you must remember, my child. My power lasts no longer than twelve o'clock, and if you stay one second later, then you will lose everything this magic wand has given you. Your carriage will be a big yellow pumpkin again, and your horses will be scampering mice; your

coachman will become a long-tailed rat, and you — you will stand in RAGS in the ballroom!

CINDERELLA. And then my sisters would know me, and they would never let me hear the last of it. Why, I should change into a cinder girl right before the prince! I'd die of shame! I'll not forget, godmother. I'll be sure to leave before twelve.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. So you must start at once, or there will be no time for dancing. Come, let me see you into your coach and off for the ball.

SCENE 3

(*The ballroom full of guests. Two attendants at the door.* CINDERELLA *enters and they lead her to the* PRINCE. *He comes to meet her, and bows very low.*)

PRINCE. Welcome to my palace, most beautiful of ladies.

CINDERELLA. (*Returning his bow.*) I thank your highness.

CINDERELLA ARRIVES AT THE BALL

PRINCE. Let me find you a seat till the dancing begins. Then you must dance first with me.

(*As they pass through the room, the guests turn to look at her, and then whisper to each other.*)

FIRST GUEST. Who is she?

SECOND GUEST. She must be a princess.

THIRD GUEST. No one knows who she is.

FOURTH GUEST. How beautiful her eyes are!

FIFTH GUEST. Her hair is beautiful, too.

SIXTH GUEST. See how every one turns to look at her.

SEVENTH GUEST. The prince will not let her dance with any one else.

EIGHTH GUEST. It is very easy to see how beautiful he thinks she is.

NINTH GUEST. I shall have a gown made exactly like hers.

TENTH GUEST. And so shall I, for the prince has eyes for no one else.

(CINDERELLA *moves near her sisters.*)

CINDERELLA. (*To older sister.*) May I talk with you?

OLDER SISTER. Indeed, dear lady, I shall be honored.

SECOND SISTER. From what far-off country do you come, sweet princess? For surely you must be a princess.

PRINCE. Indeed she must be a princess from some wonderful land, but she will not tell her name or her country.

OLDER SISTER. (*Aside to second sister.*) What chance have we now? The prince will look at no one but this beautiful stranger.

SECOND SISTER. (*Aside to older sister.*) Why, we have a chance now where we had none before, for the prince had not noticed us before the strange princess led him to us.

CINDERELLA. I am enjoying the ball so. Every one is so kind, and I love so to dance.

PRINCE. It delights me that you are pleased. Will you dance this dance with me?

(*They all dance.*)

CINDERELLA. (*Looking at the clock.*) I must be gone. It is but five minutes before twelve. I cannot stay longer.

PRINCE. But surely you must not go so soon! The ball will last for hours, and I could dance with you all night. Won't you stay?

CINDERELLA. I cannot. I must be going now. I thank your highness, but I can dance no longer. Good-by.

(*She puts out her hand, and the* PRINCE *takes it.*)

PRINCE. Won't you tell me your name before you go?

CINDERELLA. No; I cannot do even that.

(*The clock strikes twelve, and she pulls her hand from his and runs from the room. One of her slippers falls behind her. The* PRINCE *stops to pick it up, and starts after* CINDERELLA, *but she is nowhere in sight.*)

Scene 4

(*The hall of* Cinderella's *home. There is a loud knocking at the door, and* Cinderella *comes from the kitchen to answer it, rubbing her eyes. It is the sisters and their mother.*)

Older Sister. I thought you were never going to open the door. Wake up, you sleepy head. Let us tell you about the ball.

(*The mother goes on into her own room. The sisters drop down in chairs, and* Cinderella *remains standing.*)

Second Sister. There was the loveliest princess there!

Older Sister. And she was so civil to us. If you could have seen us then, with the beautiful princess on one side and the prince on the other, you would be glad to wait on us for the rest of your life.

Cinderella. Was the prince with you or with the strange lady?

OLDER SISTER. Impertinent thing! Hold your tongue, miss!

SECOND SISTER. That shows she's fit for nothing but the ashes and cinders!

CINDERELLA. (*Very humbly.*) I meant no harm, sisters. What was this lady like?

OLDER SISTER. She was not simply a lady; she was a princess —

SECOND SISTER. (*Interrupting.*) And she came over and talked to us! Think of it, a beautiful princess!

OLDER SISTER. Dear me, sister. Cinderella will think we don't talk with princesses every time we go to a ball.

SECOND SISTER. (*Aside.*) We don't; we never talked with one before.

CINDERELLA. How was she dressed?

SECOND SISTER. She had on the most beautiful dress and the finest jewels. And she wore glass slippers that sparkled as she danced.

CINDERELLA. How I wish I could have seen her!

OLDER SISTER. What a joke! The idea of you looking at such a lovely princess! Do you think she would look at a cinder girl?

CINDERELLA. I did not say she would look at me; I said I wanted to look at her.

OLDER SISTER. Well, it's just the same thing. No, you're only good for ashes and cinders.

MOTHER. (*Coming into the hall.*) What! Still talking about the ball? Do you know what time it is? Here it is broad daylight, and high time you had breakfast ready, Cinderella, you lazy thing.

(*There comes a loud knock at the door.* CINDERELLA *runs to open it, and admits the king's messenger.*)

HERALD. The king's son has sent me. At the ball last night there was a most beautiful princess. The prince was charmed with her and begged her to stay until the ball was over, but at twelve o'clock she ran away. She lost

this slipper, and the prince hopes to use it to find the lovely princess. He has ordered it to be tried on the foot of every lady in the kingdom.

THERE COMES A LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR

OLDER SISTER. Oh, I'm sure it will fit me!

SECOND SISTER. My foot will slip into it easily.

MOTHER. The prince must have thought it would fit one of my daughters, or why would he have sent you here so early?

HERALD. Ah, madam, hundreds have already tried; for as soon as the lady left the ball, the prince gave orders that we should begin the search.

MOTHER. Could none of the ladies of the palace wear the slipper?

HERALD. No, madam, the slipper would fit none of the noble ladies. They have all tried it, but none of them can even force it on.

(*He kneels and tries the slipper on first one, then the other, sister. They do all they can to get their feet into it, but neither of them can.*)

CINDERELLA. Please, may I try it on?

(*The mother and sisters burst out laughing.*)

OLDER SISTER. You! Wouldn't you make a pretty princess?

SECOND SISTER. Your big foot would ruin the slipper.

MOTHER. Do not listen to her, sir.

HERALD. But I must let her try it on. I have orders to fit it on the foot of every maiden in the kingdom.

SISTERS. Shame! shame! A kitchen girl to try on the princess's slipper!

CINDERELLA TRIES ON THE SLIPPER

(*He tries the slipper on her foot, which slips into it easily. She draws the other slipper out of her pocket, puts it on, and stands up. Her rags fall off, and leave her dressed in the fairy gown. The sisters and their mother fall back in surprise, and the* HERALD *drops on one knee before* CINDERELLA.)

"THE PRINCE WAITS OUTSIDE FOR THIS HAPPY NEWS"

HERALD. The prince waits outside for this happy news. With your permission I go to summon him.

(*He goes out.*)

MOTHER. The slipper — fits — you?

OLDER SISTER. And see! she has the mate to it!

SECOND SISTER. Why, she is the princess! But how could she be? How did she get to the ball? And where did that beautiful gown come from?

MOTHER. Some fairy must have done this.

CINDERELLA. It was my godmother. She is a fairy. She changed my rags to velvet and jewels, gave me a coach and four, and sent me to the ball.

(*Enter the* PRINCE, *followed by the* HERALD *and courtiers. The* PRINCE *goes straight to* CINDERELLA, *takes her hand, and kisses it. The stepmother and her daughters courtesy very low before him, but he does not see them.*)

PRINCE. My beautiful princess! Will you tell me your name now? And will you come with me to my palace and be my princess always?

(CINDERELLA *leaves her hand in his, and they turn to go out together. The mother and sisters fall on their knees at her feet.*)

SECOND SISTER. Oh, Cinderella, do not leave us like this!

OLDER SISTER. Can you ever forgive us for treating you so unkindly?

MOTHER. Forgive us, forgive us! Do not send the king's soldiers to punish us.

CINDERELLA. Do not be afraid. No harm shall come to you. Indeed I will forgive you, and when I am married to the prince, you shall have a fine house close by the palace.

(*The* PRINCE *leads* CINDERELLA *out, the train of Courtiers and the* HERALD *following behind them, leaving the stepmother and her daughters on their knees on the floor.*)

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

(Dramatized from the Bible)

IN FIVE SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

JOSEPH

JUDAH

REUBEN

BENJAMIN

EIGHT OTHER BROTHERS

PHARAOH, KING OF EGYPT

THE KING'S CHIEF ADVISER

CHIEF BUTLER

MERCHANTS

SERVANTS

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

SCENE 1

(*The green fields of Shechem. Jacob's ten elder sons seated about on the ground, talking together.* JOSEPH, *a long way off, coming toward them.*)

FIRST BROTHER. There comes our young dreamer!

SECOND BROTHER. I hate him, and his wonderful dreams.

REUBEN. My brother, why should you hate the lad?

SECOND BROTHER. Do you not remember the dream he told our father? We were all binding sheaves, he said, in the field, and his sheaf rose up, and all our sheaves bowed down before his sheaf.

THIRD BROTHER. What can such a dream

mean? Is it that he will some day rule over us all?

SECOND BROTHER. What, then, was the meaning of his second dream? Our father was the sun, his mother the moon, and we were eleven stars, and the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars all bowed down to him.

FOURTH BROTHER. Our father rebuked him when he told that dream. "What manner of dream is this?" he said. "Shall I, thy mother, and thy brothers come to bow ourselves before you?"

FIRST BROTHER. Even though our father did rebuke him then, does he not love him more than any of us? He is Rachel's oldest son.

FIFTH BROTHER. And did he not give him a coat of many colors, such as a king's son might be proud to wear?

SIXTH BROTHER. Now is our chance to rid ourselves of him. Let us slay him and cast his body into some pit.

REUBEN. What should we say to our father when we returned? What could we say?

SEVENTH BROTHER. Say that the wild beasts must have slain him on the road, for he came not to us.

REUBEN. There is no need to kill the boy, and stain our hands with his blood. Here is a dry well, a pit with no water in it. Let us cast him into it, and leave him to starve if he will.

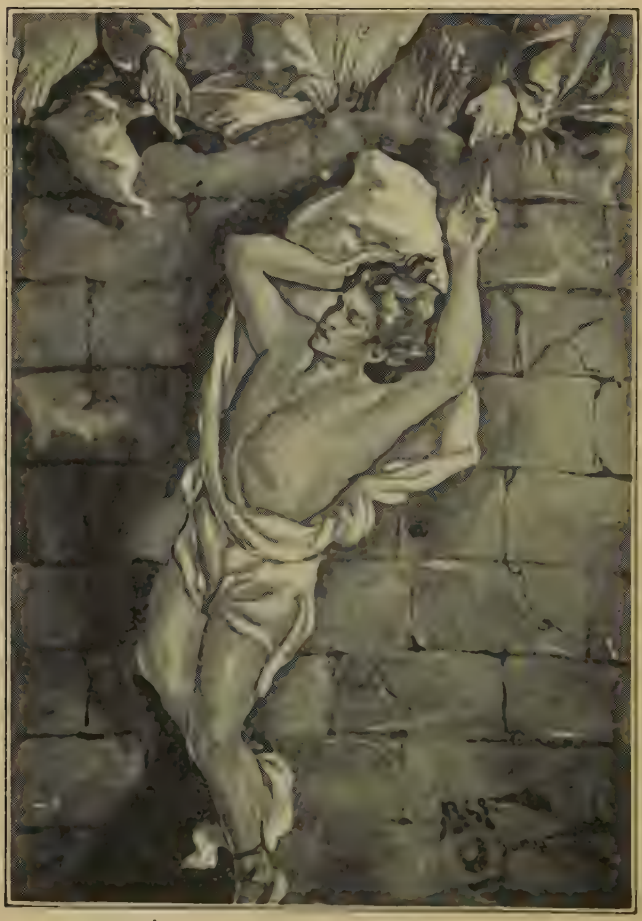
EIGHTH BROTHER. Well said! Here he is now. I will help you to bind him.

(JOSEPH *comes up to them, and they rush upon him and begin to bind his hands and feet.*)

FIFTH BROTHER. Take off his fine coat. No need to leave that in the pit.

(*They strip* JOSEPH *of his coat and throw him into the pit, in spite of his cries for help.*)

THIRD BROTHER. Now we shall see what becomes of his dreams.



JOSEPH'S BROTHERS THROW HIM INTO THE PIT

SIXTH BROTHER. And now let us eat, for the sun is high.

(*They open their packs, take out food, and sit down to eat.* REUBEN *takes up a water jar to go to a near-by spring. As he passes out of sight, some merchants appear on the hill.*)

FOURTH BROTHER. Who comes yonder down the hillside?

SEVENTH BROTHER. They are only harmless merchants. See their heavy loads. Perhaps we can trade with them.

JUDAH. Let us sell our brother to them. If he starves in the pit, we shall gain nothing. The merchants will give us silver for so strong and young a slave.

EIGHTH BROTHER. (*Hailing the merchants.*) Ho, there! For a weight of silver we will sell you a young lad.

MERCHANT. Where is he?

EIGHTH BROTHER. In yonder pit.

MERCHANT. Let us see him.

(*The brothers drag* JOSEPH *out of the pit.*)

MERCHANT. We will give you twenty pieces of silver for the slave.

FIRST BROTHER. It is done. Give us the silver and take the lad.

MERCHANT. He is a comely fellow. We will take him to Egypt and sell him in the slave market there.

(*The merchants pass out of sight with* JOSEPH. REUBEN *returns with his jar full of water. He peers into the pit as he passes it, and then looks around him in alarm, with his eyes shaded by his hand. When he sees nothing of* JOSEPH *anywhere, he cries out in despair.*)

REUBEN. The boy is gone! The boy is gone! What shall I do? Where shall I go? What can I say to my father? What have you done with Joseph? Where is he?

THIRD BROTHER. Where he is well out of our way. We sold him to the merchants who passed but a little while ago.

SEVENTH BROTHER. We sold him for twenty pieces of silver.

FOURTH BROTHER. We can kill a kid and dip Joseph's coat in its blood, and carry it to our father.

FIFTH BROTHER. "Look," we will say, "we have found this coat. Whether it is Joseph's coat or not we do not know."

SIXTH BROTHER. But he will know it. "It is my son's coat," he will say. "Joseph has been killed by wild beasts."

SCENE 2

(The palace of PHARAOH, *king of Egypt.* PHARAOH *is walking up and down the room, his hands clasped behind him, his forehead puckered, his head bent down. Two attendants stand at one side with the king's* CHIEF ADVISER. *They look at* PHARAOH *half troubled, half afraid.)*

KING. I am sorely troubled. I have dreamed strange dreams, and no man can tell me their meaning.

CHIEF ADVISER. Have all the wise men of the kingdom heard these dreams?

KING. All the wise men and magicians in the land of Egypt have heard them, and not one can tell me the meaning of them.

CHIEF ADVISER. I have heard of a man — but if all the wise men of Egypt have failed, why should I tell of him?

KING. Who is he?

CHIEF ADVISER. I had news of him through the chief butler.

KING. Let the chief butler be brought to me at once that I may hear what he knows of this man.

(*The* CHIEF ADVISER *sends one of the attendants, who soon returns with the* BUTLER.)

KING. What man is this of whom you know who can tell the meaning of dreams?

CHIEF BUTLER. Well do I remember my fault until this day. It was when I was in the prison with him who was the chief baker.

There was also in the prison a young man who was a Hebrew. One night the chief baker and I both dreamed strange dreams. We told our dreams to the young man, whose name was Joseph, and he said that his God would tell him their meaning. In three days, he said, the chief baker should be hanged, and I should again be chief butler and bear the king's wine cup as I had done before. And he begged that when I was free, I should not forget him, but should name his name to the king. "For," he said, "I was stolen from the land of the Hebrews, and I have done no wrong that I should be in this prison." And as Joseph had said, so it was. The baker was hanged, and here am I. But till to-day I have forgotten the young man.

KING. Let this young Hebrew, this Joseph, be brought to me at once.

CHIEF ADVISER. (*To an Attendant.*) Go you to the prison, and say that the king would

see the young Hebrew Joseph, who can tell the meaning of dreams.

(*Soon* JOSEPH *is brought before the king.*)

KING. I have been told that you have great power to read strange dreams. I have had two dreams that trouble me, and none of the wise men and magicians in the whole land of Egypt can tell me their meaning.

PHARAOH DESCRIBES HIS DREAM

JOSEPH. I have no power to understand your dreams, O King, but the God of my people will show me their meaning.

KING. It is well. In my first dream I stood by the river,

the great river Nile. Out of the river there came seven fat cows, and they fed in a meadow. And seven other lean cows came up after them out of the river, and the seven lean cows ate up the seven fat cows. Then I awoke. I slept again, and dreamed the second time. There were seven ears of corn upon one stalk, good and full of grain. And seven thin ears, blasted with the east wind, sprang up after them, and the poor ears ate up the full ears. Then I awoke, and told both my dreams to the wise men. But there was not one of them all that could tell the meaning of my dreams.

JOSEPH. The dreams are one, O King. The seven good cows and the seven full ears are seven years of plenty. The seven lean cows and the seven empty ears are seven years of famine. All through the land of Egypt there shall be rich harvests for seven years. Then shall come seven years when the corn shall

not grow. The hunger of the people shall be so great that the seven years of plenty shall be forgotten.

Find a man, O King, that is wise and careful, and set him over all the land of Egypt. Let him send men all over the country to gather up food in the seven rich years, and store it away until the seven poor years. Then will the people of Egypt have food though all the harvests fail.

KING. But where shall I find such a man as this? This Hebrew has shown himself wiser than any man in Egypt, and he shall be over my house, and over the land of Egypt. Only I shall be greater than he. Take him and dress him in rich clothing. Hang a gold chain around his neck and put this ring on his finger. He shall ride in the second chariot, and my servants shall shout to all the people, "Bow the knee, for Joseph is ruler of all the land."

Scene 3

(JOSEPH'S *office in the palace. The brothers of* JOSEPH *have all come to buy corn to take back to their own land.* JOSEPH *knows them, but he pretends he does not. They do not know him.*)

JOSEPH. (*Speaking harshly.*) From what land do you come, and what do you want?

FIRST BROTHER. We have come from Canaan to buy food.

THE BROTHERS OF JOSEPH COME TO BUY CORN

JOSEPH. You are spies. You have not come for food, but to see the nakedness of the land.

SECOND BROTHER. Nay, my lord. We are thy servants. We have come to buy food, and for no harm.

JOSEPH. You are spies, I say. You will go back to your own land and say that we are a weak people and that no food grows in our land. Then your soldiers will come and make war on us.

FIFTH BROTHER. Thy servants are no spies. We are true men. We are twelve brothers, the sons of one man in Canaan. The youngest son is at home with our father, and one is dead.

JOSEPH. Now will I prove what I have said. By the life of Pharaoh, you shall bring your youngest brother before me, that I may see if you speak truth. If you cannot bring him, then I shall know indeed that you are spies.

EIGHTH BROTHER. My lord, our father is

an old man, the boy is the light of his eyes. How can we tell that he will let him be brought to this far country?

JOSEPH. As well be brought to Egypt as to starve in Canaan. One of you shall remain here bound in prison, and then you shall have food to take to your father and his household. If you bring your youngest brother back to me, then I shall know that you are true men and not spies. But if you do not bring him, you shall not look upon my face again, nor shall you have any more corn from the king's storehouses.

THIRD BROTHER. (*Aside to* FOURTH BROTHER.) It is because of what we have done to our brother Joseph that this distress has come upon us.

FOURTH BROTHER. Be careful what you say. We are in the house of strangers.

THIRD BROTHER. This Egyptian cannot understand our language. Even if we spoke aloud, he could not know what we said.

REUBEN. I warned you that harm would come to you if you did so great a sin against our brother Joseph, and you would not hear. Did I not say to you, "Sin not against the child"?

(JOSEPH *has turned aside and pretends not to understand what they say. He calls an officer to him.*)

JOSEPH. Fill these men's sacks with corn. Give them food enough to last until they reach their own country. And in the mouth of every man's sack put the money that he has paid for the corn. (*Turning to the brothers, and pointing to Simeon.*) This one shall remain in Egypt in prison till you bring your youngest brother to me. And now get you gone to your own land.

SCENE 4

(*A great hall in* JOSEPH'S *house.* JOSEPH *is within. Enter a servant.*)

SERVANT. My lord, you gave orders that when the men from Canaan returned, word should be brought to you. They are even now outside the gate.

JOSEPH. To-day they shall eat with me. Make ready a feast. But first bring these men to this room, and see that they wait here till I return.

(JOSEPH *and the servant go out different ways, and the servant returns, followed by the nine brothers and Benjamin.*)

SIXTH BROTHER. (*Aside to* FIFTH BROTHER.) Why are we brought to this house? It is not here that the corn is sold. I am afraid because the money was found in our sacks. It will be said that we are thieves, and stole the money.

FIFTH BROTHER. What will the great lord do? Will he hold us in bondage forever?

REUBEN. Then it would be with us as it has been with Joseph our brother. When we

sold him to be a slave in Egypt, we little thought that we too might become slaves there.

SIXTH BROTHER. (*To the* SERVANT.) Oh, sir, it is indeed true that we came here only to buy food. But when we stopped at an inn on our way home, we opened our sacks, and in every one was the money we had paid for the corn. We are not thieves. We do not know how the money came to be in the sacks, and we have brought it back with us. Here it is in our hands.

SERVANT. Fear not. I had your money. What you found in your sacks was treasure sent from heaven. Come now. I will give you cool water to drink, and basins of fresh water to wash the dust from your feet.

FIRST BROTHER. Will your master see us to-day?

SERVANT. He has commanded that I make ready a feast that he may eat with you to-day.

FIRST BROTHER. (*Aside, to* SECOND

BROTHER.) What does he mean? I am afraid.

SECOND BROTHER. I cannot think what it means. Why should he eat with us? Does he mean to mock us? What will he do with us?

(*Enter* JOSEPH.)

JOSEPH. Are you not tired after your long journey? Is your father well, the old man of whom I heard you speak? Is he still alive?

EIGHTH BROTHER. Thy servant our father is yet alive and well.

JOSEPH. Is this your young brother? (*To Benjamin.*) A blessing on thee, my son. Come, the feast is prepared. Let us go and eat.

(*As the brothers go out, he calls a servant and speaks to him in a low tone.*)

Fill these men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry. Put every man's money into the mouth of his sack, as you did before.

But into the sack of the youngest put my silver cup.

(JOSEPH *goes out after the brothers.*)

SCENE 5

(*The same hall in* JOSEPH'S *palace.* JOSEPH *stands as if angrily waiting for something. The brothers come in, dragged and driven by servants.*)

SERVANT. My lord, we overtook them before they had reached the highroad. The drinking cup of silver was found in this lad's sack.

JOSEPH. What is this you have done? Is this your return for my kindness to you? Did you think that I would not find you out?

JUDAH. What shall we say to my lord? How shall we make him believe the truth? We are no thieves. We never saw the cup until this man found it in the sack.

JOSEPH. Let us have no more words. He in whose sack the cup was found shall be my

JOSEPH'S CUP IS PUT INTO THE SACK

servant forever. As for the others, you may go back to your land and your father.

JUDAH. My lord, let thy servant speak a word in thine ears. Thou didst tell us to bring with us this our youngest brother. But when we had returned to our own land, and told our father all that had passed, he was afraid, and would not let the lad come with us. But the corn which we had brought was soon gone, and our father said, "Go and buy us a little more food." Then we said to him, "The man who sold us the corn told us that we should not see his face again if the lad Benjamin came not with us." But my father said: "My son shall not go down with you, for he is all I have. If harm should come to him, my gray hairs would go down with sorrow to the grave. Joseph is gone, Simeon is gone, and now you would take Benjamin away."

REUBEN. Then I said to my father that I would take care of Benjamin and bring him

safe home again. "The lad will starve at home," I said. "Let us take him down into Egypt." Then our father told us to take double the money, and to bring with us a present of honey, balm, spices, nuts, and almonds.

JUDAH. The old man waits at home for Benjamin to come back. His heart is bound up in the lad, and if we should return without him, our father would die of sorrow. Oh, my lord, I pray thee, make me thy slave. Let me abide in Egypt as thy bondservant, but let the lad return to his father.

JOSEPH. (*To the* SERVANTS.) Let every one of you go out, and leave me alone with these strangers.

(*Turning to his brothers.*)

Do you not know me? I am Joseph. Come near me. I am your brother whom you sold into Egypt. Do not be angry with yourselves. It was not you, but God, who sent

me into this land to save all our lives. The famine will be five years more in the land. Go back to my father and tell him that Joseph is ruler over all Egypt, and has sent for him. Bring back with him your wives and children and your flocks of sheep and camels. There is food in plenty in Egypt. You shall be near me always. Goshen is a rich land. It shall be your home, and I will care for you all the rest of your days.

"I AM JOSEPH"

Tableau

THE BROWNIES

(Dramatized from "The Brownies," by Mrs. Ewing.)

IN THREE SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

THE TAILOR

HIS MOTHER

JOHNNIE, his younger son

TOMMIE, his older son

THE OLD OWL

THE BROWNIES

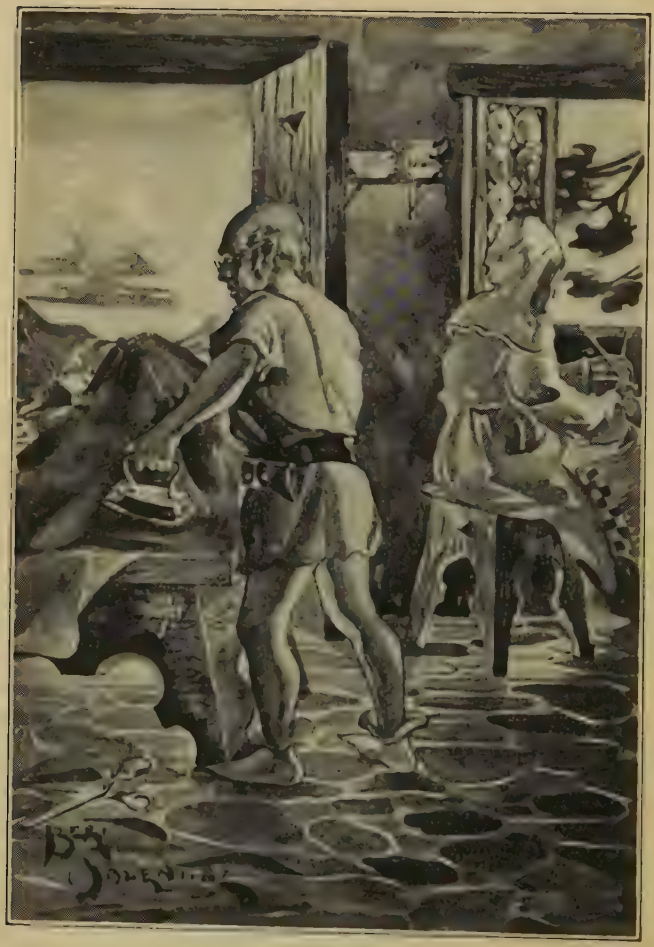
SCENE 1

(*The* TAILOR'S *home. The* TAILOR *at work. His mother knitting by the window.*)

TAILOR. Children are a burden.

MOTHER. Children are a blessing. It's the family motto. Children are a blessing.

TAILOR. *Are* they? Look at Tommie! That boy does nothing but whittle sticks from morning till night. I have to drag him out of bed in the morning. If I send him on an errand, he loiters; I'd better have gone myself. If I set him to do anything, I have to tell him everything; I could sooner do it myself. What housework do the boys ever do but looking after the baby? And this afternoon she was asleep in the cradle and off they went, and when she woke, *I* must



"CHILDREN ARE A BURDEN"

leave my work to take her. No, ma'am, children are a burden.

MOTHER. There's Johnnie. He has a face like an apple.

TAILOR. And is about as useful. He might have been different, but his brother leads him about by the nose.

(*Enter* JOHNNIE *and* TOMMIE, *hand in hand, and each with an armful of moss which they drop on the floor as they come in.*)

TAILOR. I've swept this floor once to-day, and I'm not going to do it again. Put that rubbish out.

TOMMIE. Move it, Johnnie.

(TOMMIE *sits down on a stool and begins to whittle;* JOHNNIE *stumbles and stamps over the moss, scraping it out on to the doorstep, and leaving long trails of earth behind.*)

TAILOR. And these chips the same. I will *not* clear up the litter you boys make.

TOMMIE. Pick 'em up, Johnnie.

(JOHNNIE *tumbles down, picks up the chips, and tumbles back into his seat.*)

TOMMIE. Is there any supper, father?

TAILOR. No, there is not, sir, unless you know how to get it.

(TAILOR *takes his pipe and goes out.*)

TOMMIE. Is there really nothing to eat, Grannie?

MOTHER. No, my child, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow.

TOMMIE. What makes Father so cross, Grannie?

MOTHER. He's tired, and you don't help him, my dear.

TOMMIE. What could I do, Grannie?

MOTHER. Many things, if you tried. You might tear this cloth for me now, and then I can go on knitting. When this mat is sold, we can buy some food.

TOMMIE. I'll try. Hold my knife, Johnnie. (*Tears the cloth.*) Will that do, Grannie?

MOTHER. My dear, that's too short. Bless me! I gave you a piece to measure by.

TOMMIE. I thought it was the same length. Oh, dear! I'm so tired.

(*He leans against the old lady's chair.*)

MOTHER. My dear! don't lean so; you'll tip me over!

TOMMIE. I beg your pardon, Grandmother. Will *that* do?

MOTHER. (*Measuring.*) It's that much too long.

TOMMIE. Tear that bit off. Now it's all right.

MOTHER. But that wastes it. Now that bit is of no use. There goes my knitting, you awkward boy.

TOMMIE. Johnnie, pick it up! — Oh, Grandmother, I'm so hungry!

MOTHER. What can I do for you, my poor boys?

TOMMIE. Tell us a tale, Grannie. I

shouldn't think of the bread a bit if you told us about the fairies.

MOTHER. Shall I tell you about the Brownie that used to live in this house?

TOMMIE. What was he like, Grannie?

MOTHER. Like a little man, they say, my dear.

TOMMIE. What did he do?

MOTHER. He came in before the family were up, and swept the floor, and lighted the fire, and set out the breakfast, and did all sorts of housework. But he never could be seen, and was off before they could catch him. Sometimes they could hear him laughing and playing about the house.

TOMMIE. What a darling! Did they give him any wages, Grannie?

MOTHER. No, my dear. He did it for love. They set a basin of clear water for him over night, and sometimes a bowl of milk. Sometimes he left a bit of money in the water. He saved every one much trouble.

TOMMIE. Oh, Grannie, why did he go?

MOTHER. The maids caught sight of him one day, and his coat was so ragged that they got him a new suit, and a linen shirt, and laid them by the bread-and-milk bowl. But when the Brownie saw the things, he put them on, and, dancing about the kitchen, sang,

"What have we here? Hempen, Hampen!
Here will I nevermore tread or stampen!"

and so danced through the door and never came back again.

TOMMIE. Oh, Grandmother! But why not? Didn't he like the new clothes?

MOTHER. The Old Owl knows, my dear; I don't.

JOHNNIE. Tell us more about the Brownie, please. Did he ever live with anybody else?

MOTHER. There are plenty of Brownies, or used to be. Some houses had several.

BOTH BOYS. Oh, I wish ours would come back!

JOHNNIE. He'd tidy up the room,

TOMMIE. —fetch the turf,

JOHNNIE. —pick up the chips,

TOMMIE. —sort your scraps,

JOHNNIE. —and do everything. Oh, I wish he hadn't gone away!

(*Enter the* TAILOR.)

TAILOR. What's that?

TOMMIE. It's the Brownie, Father. Would you mind our setting a pan of water to-night? There's no milk.

TAILOR. You may set what you like, my lad. But go to bed now.

(*The boys fetch a big pan, and fill it with water.*)

TOMMIE. (*Aside to* JOHNNIE.) I wonder where the Brownie went. Grannie says the Old Owl knows. There's an owl living in the old shed. Maybe it's the Old Owl herself. When Father's gone to bed, and the moon rises, I'll go see her.

(TOMMIE *and* JOHNNIE *bid the old people good night and go to bed.*)

SCENE 2

(*The wooded ground near the old shed.* TOMMIE, *in his night clothes, enters, and goes toward the shed.*)

TOMMIE. The moon has risen.

OWL. Hoot! Hoot!

TOMMIE. It's the Old Owl!

(*The* OWL *flaps its wings on its perch in the shed.*)

OWL. Come up here! Come up here! Now, what do you want?

TOMMIE. Please, can you tell me where to

"PLEASE, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE BROWNIES?"

find the Brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us?

OWL. Oohoo! that's it, is it? I know of two Brownies.

TOMMIE. Hurrah! Where do they live?

OWL. In your house.

TOMMIE. But why don't they work?

OWL. Perhaps they don't know how, as no one has told them.

TOMMIE. I wish you would tell me where to find them. I could tell them.

OWL. *Could* you? Oohoo! Oohoo!

TOMMIE. Of course I could. They might be up and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table, and that sort of thing, before father came down. Besides, they could *see* what was wanted. They could tidy the room, and fetch the turf, and pick up the chips I make, and sort Grannie's scraps. Oh, there's lots to do!

OWL. So there is. Oohoo! Well, I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies,

and he can tell you where his brother is. But you will have to do exactly as I tell you.

TOMMIE. Of course I will.

OWL. You must go to the north side of the pond when the moon is shining. There you must turn around three times, and say,

Twist me, and turn me, and show me the elf;
I looked in the water and saw —

When you have got thus far, look in the water, and you will see the Brownie, and think of a word that will fill up the verse and rhyme with *elf*. If you either do not see the Brownie, or fail to think of the word, it will be of no use.

TOMMIE. Well, the moon is shining now, so I had better go. Good-by, and thank you, ma'am.

(*He goes to the lake near by, and on its north side he turns around three times, as he has been told to do.*)

TOMMIE.

Twist me, and turn me, and show me the elf;
I looked in the water and saw —

"WHY, THERE'S NO ONE BUT MYSELF!"

(*He looks in.*)

Why, there's no one but myself! And what can the word be? Belf, celf, delf, felf, gelf, helf, jelf. What nonsense! There can't be a word to fit it. And then to look for a Brownie, and see nothing but myself. *Myself!* Why, that rhymes and runs, too. How very funny!

Twist me, and turn me, and show me the elf;
I looked in the water, and saw myself.

And I certainly did. What can it mean? The Old Owl must know, so I shall go back and ask her.

(*He goes back to the* OWL'S *perch.*)

OLD OWL. Oohoo! What did you see in the water?

TOMMIE. I saw nothing but myself.

OLD OWL. And what did you expect to see, pray?

TOMMIE. I expected to see a Brownie; you told me so.

OLD OWL. And what are Brownies like, pray?

TOMMIE. The one Grannie knew was a useful little fellow, something like a little man.

OLD OWL. Ah! but you know that now he is an idle little fellow, something like a little man. Oohoo! Oohoo! Are you quite sure you didn't see him?

TOMMIE. Certainly; I saw nothing but myself.

OLD OWL. Hoot! toot! And who are you, pray?

TOMMIE. I am not a Brownie.

OLD OWL. Don't be too sure. Did you find the word?

TOMMIE. No, I could find no word that would rhyme but *myself*.

OLD OWL. Well, that runs and rhymes. What do you want?

(OWL *flaps her wings for a start.*)

TOMMIE. Don't go yet, please. I don't understand. You know I'm not a Brownie, am I?

OLD OWL. Yes, you are, and a very lazy one. All children are Brownies.

TOMMIE. But I couldn't do work like a Brownie.

OLD OWL. Why not? Couldn't you sweep the floor, light the fire, set the table, tidy the room, fetch the turf, pick up your own chips, and sort your grandmother's scraps? You know there's lots to do.

TOMMIE. But I don't think I should like it. I'd much rather have a Brownie do it for me.

OLD OWL. And what would you do meanwhile? Be idle, I suppose. And what do you suppose is the use of a man's having children if they do nothing to help him?

TOMMIE. But is it really and truly so? Are there no Brownies but children?

OLD OWL. No, there are not. But all children are not Brownies. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called Boggarts, and are a curse to the house they live in. They eat the bread and milk, and don't do any work; they lie in bed when they are perfectly well; they untidy instead of tidying; they cause work instead of doing it, till the old people who take care of them are worn out altogether.

TOMMIE. Don't! I can't bear it.

OLD OWL. I hope that when the Boggarts grow into men, their children will be Boggarts too, and then they'll know what it is.

TOMMIE. Don't! I won't be a Boggart. I'll be a Brownie.

OLD OWL. That's right. I said you were a boy who could understand what was said to you. And remember that Brownies never are seen at their work. They get up before the rest of the house, and get away before any one can see them.

TOMMIE. Please, I should like to go home now, and tell Johnnie. It's getting cold, and I'm so tired. Good night, and thank you, Old Owl.

(TOMMIE *finds his way out of the wood.*)

SCENE 3

(*The kitchen, as in the first scene. Through an open door can be seen* JOHNNIE, *fast asleep in his trundle bed, and* TOMMIE, *shaking him by the shoulder.*)

TOMMIE. Get up, Johnnie. I've got a story to tell you.

(JOHNNIE *sits up in bed and rubs his eyes.*)

TOMMIE. I've been to see the Old Owl, and she says we are the Brownies. And if we mean to do anything this morning, we must get up. But I *should* like to stay in bed this morning. I say, suppose we do. It can't matter if we are Boggarts for one night more. I mean to be a Brownie before I grow up, though.

JOHNNIE. I won't be a Boggart at all; it's horrid. But I can't see how we can be Brownies; I'm afraid we can't do the things.

TOMMIE. I can do it well enough.

(*He and* JOHNNIE *are getting up and dressing themselves.*)

Don't you suppose I can light a fire? Think of all the bonfires we have made.

(*They creep into the kitchen.*)

Look at that doorstep, Johnnie; what a mess you made of it! If you had lifted

the moss carefully, instead of stamping and dragging it, it would have saved us ten minutes' work this morning.

(*They are putting things straight as they talk.*)

I am going to light the fire, and you can set the table. Look at that knife I gave you to hold last night, and that wood — that's my fault, though, and so are those scraps by Grannie's chair. What are you grubbing in that rat hole for?

JOHNNIE. What do you think I've found? Father's measure that has been lost for a week.

TOMMIE. Hurrah! Put it by his things. That's just the sort of thing for a Brownie to have done. What will he say? And I say, Johnnie, when you've tidied, just go and dig a potato or two in the garden, and I'll roast them for breakfast. I'm lighting such a bonfire!

(*They get the potatoes, put them on the fire, and are finishing the table when they hear the* TAILOR *coming.*)

There's Father. Run back to bed, Johnnie. He mustn't catch us!

(*They both run out, laughing. The* TAILOR *comes in slowly, but straightens up, looks around, rubs his eyes; goes to the fire and holds out his hands to it; goes to the table and handles the loaf; stares about him again, and sits down. Then he jumps up and runs to the door, shouting.*)

TAILOR. Mother! Mother! The Brownie's come back again! Boys! boys! the Brownie has come! — and if he hasn't found my measure! This is as good as a day's work to me!

(*Grandmother and boys come quickly into the kitchen.*)

MOTHER. I told you so, Son Thomas. But young people always know better than their elders.

TAILOR. I didn't see him, but as I came in, I thought I heard a sort of laughing and rustling.

MOTHER. My mother said they often heard

him playing and laughing about the house. I told you so.

TAILOR. Well, he shan't want for a bowl of bread and milk to-morrow, if I have to work on this coat all night.

(TAILOR *and his mother go out again.*)

TOMMIE. I say, the Old Owl was right, and we must stick to it. But I wish Father didn't

"CHILDREN ARE A BLESSING, AFTER ALL"

think we were idle still. I'd rather he knew we were the Brownies.

JOHNNIE. So do I.

TOMMIE. I tell you what; we'll keep quiet for a little while, just to see how puzzled Father and Grannie will get, and then, after a long time, I shall tell him. What do you suppose he'll say?

JOHNNIE. Why, he'll say, "Well, well, well! Children are a blessing, after all!"

THREE LITTLE CHRISTMAS WAITS

(Dramatized from " The Peace Egg," by Mrs. Ewing.)

IN FOUR SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ROBIN, a boy about ten years old
NICHOLAS, his younger brother
DORA, his little sister
SARAH, the nurse
OLD GENTLEMAN
CAROLERS
SERVANT WOMAN

THREE LITTLE CHRISTMAS WAITS

Scene 1

(*The Nursery.* Robin, Nicholas, *and* Dora, *at breakfast.* Sarah, *waiting on them.*)

Robin. Sarah, who is that tall old gentleman at church, in the seat near the pulpit? He wears a cloak like what the Blues wear, only all blue, and he is very tall. He stood up while we were kneeling, and said, "Almighty and most merciful Father" louder than anybody.

Sarah. (*Nodding in a tantalizing way.*) Never you mind, Master Robin; little boys aren't to know everything.

Robin. Ah, then I know you don't know. If you did, you'd tell. For what we have

received the Lord make us truly thankful. Say your grace, Nicholas, and put your chair away and come along. I want to play soldiers. (*Puts his chair away. Tauntingly, to* SARAH.) You pretend to know, but you don't.

SARAH. I do.

ROBIN. You don't.

SARAH. Your ma's forbid you to contradict, Master Robin, and if you do, I shall tell her. I know well enough who the gentleman is, and perhaps I might tell you, only you'd go straight off and tell again.

ROBIN. No, no, I wouldn't! I can keep a secret. Indeed, I can! Pinch my little finger and try. Do, do tell me, Sarah, there's a dear Sarah, and then I shall know you know.

(*He dances about her, pulling at her skirts.*)

SARAH. Do let my dress be, Master Robin; you're ripping out the gathers; and listen while I whisper. As sure as you're a living boy, the gentleman's your own grandpa!

ROBIN. (*Drops* SARAH'S *dress, and stands for a moment thinking. At last, emphatically.*) What lies you do tell, Sarah!

NICHOLAS. Oh, Robin! Mamma said lies wasn't a proper word, and you promised not to say it again.

ROBIN. I forgot. I didn't mean to break my promise. But she does tell — you know what.

SARAH. You wicked boy! How dare you say such a thing, and everybody in the place knows he's your ma's own pa.

ROBIN. (*Starting for the door.*) I'll go and ask her.

SARAH. (*Catching him by the arm.*) Don't you go, love; it'll only make your ma angry. There; it was all my nonsense.

ROBIN. Then it's not true? What did you tell me so for?

SARAH. It was all my jokes and nonsense. But your ma wouldn't like to know I've said such a thing. And Master Robin

wouldn't be so mean as to tell tales, would he, love?

ROBIN. I'm not mean, and I don't tell tales; but you do, and you tell you know what besides. However, I won't go this time; but I tell you what, — if you tell tales of me to Papa any more, I'll tell him what you said about the old gentleman in the blue cloak.

(*He goes after his brother and sister, who have left the table and are sitting by the fire,* DORA *nursing a well-worn doll.*)

ROBIN. What a long time it takes that doll to wear out, Dora! When will it be done?

DORA. Oh, not yet, not yet! She's quite good yet.

ROBIN. How miserly you are, Dora, and selfish, too; for you know I can't have a military funeral till you let me bury that old thing.

(DORA *begins to cry.*)

ROBIN. There you go, crying. Look here; I won't take it till you get the new one for

your birthday. You can't be so mean as not to let me have it then?

DORA. (*Sobbing.*) I love this one so much; I love her better than the new one.

ROBIN. You want both; that's it. Dora, you're the meanest girl I ever knew.

(DORA *sobs bitterly.* NICHOLAS *sits down by her and tries to comfort her.*)

NICHOLAS. Couldn't we make a coffin, and pretend the body was inside?

ROBIN. No, we couldn't. I won't play the Dead March after an empty candle box. It's a great shame — and I promised she should be the minister in one of my night-gowns.

NICHOLAS. (*Turning to* DORA.) Perhaps you'll get just as fond of the new one.

DORA. No! No! He shall have the new one to bury, and I'll keep my poor, dear, darling Betsy.

ROBIN. That's the meanest thing you've

said yet, for you know Mamma won't let me bury the new one.

(*He stamps out of the room, while* NICHOLAS *remains behind to comfort his little sister.*)

SCENE 2

(*The yard.* ROBIN, *angrily running out of the house, sees a party of boys who are singing together, just outside the gate. He watches them in silence for some time. They are singing an old song.*)

ROBIN. (*Coming forward at the end of the song.*) Are you the carolers who come round at Christmas, and sing under our windows?

BOY. Well, I suppose we are.

ROBIN. And do you go in the snow from one house to another at night? And, oh, do you enjoy it?

BOY. We like it well enough.

ROBIN. (*Calling.*) Dora! Nicholas! come here, right away!

(*The others come quickly.*)

ROBIN. I've such an idea! Let's learn some carols to sing at Christmas. I don't care for that old doll, Dora; you may keep it if you like.

DORA. Oh, thank you, Robin. But do you think we can ever learn carols?

ROBIN. Why, of course; if these boys can, why can't we?

SCENE 3

(The same. It is Christmas Eve. All three children in the yard.)

ROBIN. What can be the matter with Mamma? When I went in just now, she was crying, and Papa said she was not very well, and I mustn't tease her with questions. But I don't see why she should be crying on Christmas Eve, and when we had such pretty carols to sing, too.

NICHOLAS. Let us go and sing in the kitchen.

ROBIN. No, they are cleaning the passages, and Sarah told me they meant to finish the

mistletoe and have everything cleaned up by supper time. They don't want us, I know. Look here, we'll go real caroling, instead. That *will* be fun.

NICHOLAS. But will Mamma let us?

ROBIN. Oh, it will be all right if we are back by supper time. Only we must be careful not to catch cold. Come and help me to get some wraps.

(*They go in, and quickly return, well wrapped up.*)

ROBIN. It's much jollier being out in the night than in the daytime.

NICHOLAS. Much! Where shall we go first?

DORA. Oh, look at those men!

NICHOLAS. They're drunk, and they're shouting at us!

DORA. Oh, run, run!

ROBIN. Let's go into this house. I believe this is where that old gentleman lives that Sarah told that you know what about.

NICHOLAS. You're going to the front door; carolers ought to go to the back.

ROBIN. We don't know where it is.

(*He knocks loudly at the door.*)

OLD WOMAN. (*Coming to the door, with a tallow candle held above her head.*) Who's there, at this time of night?

ROBIN. We're carolers; we didn't know the way to the back door, but —

OLD WOMAN. And don't you know better than to come here? Be off with you as fast as you can!

ROBIN. But we sing very well. Ask your master and mistress if they wouldn't like to hear us.

OLD WOMAN. Be off with you, I say! Master wouldn't let you nor any other such rubbish set foot in this house, —

OLD GENTLEMAN. (*Behind her.*) Who authorizes you to say what your master will or will not do?

"WHO AUTHORIZES YOU TO SAY WHAT YOUR MASTER WILL OR WILL NOT DO?"

OLD WOMAN. I'm sure, sir, I never thought you would see them.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Then you were wrong. I will see them. Bring them in. Are they ready?

OLD WOMAN. Yes, sir. Shall I take them to the kitchen?

OLD GENTLEMAN. No. Bring them to the library. I want to hear some Christmas carols myself to-night.

SCENE 3

(*The library. The children sing Christmas carols.* NICHOLAS *suddenly stops in the midst of a verse and stares up at a picture on the wall in front of him.*)

ROBIN. What are you stopping for?

NICHOLAS. Look there!

ROBIN. Why, it's Dora!

OLD GENTLEMAN. (*Sharply.*) Which of you is Dora?

ROBIN. Here she is, only she's so bundled up that you can't see her face very well for her things. Dora, take off your cap and pull back that hood. There! Oh, it is like her!

(*Old gentleman exclaims and buries his face in his hands.*)

DORA. (*Running to him and stroking his hair.*) Oh, I'm so sorry! Have you got a headache? Mamma likes me to rub her headaches away.

(*The old gentleman lifts his face.*)

NICHOLAS. Why, you're crying!

ROBIN. I can't think what is the matter to-night. Mamma was crying too, and Papa said we weren't to tease her with questions,

and he kissed her hand, and I kissed her hand too. And Papa said we were to be very good and kind to poor dear Mamma, and so I mean to be, she's so good. And I think we had better go home, or she will be frightened.

OLD GENTLEMAN. She's so good, is she?

NICHOLAS. Oh, isn't she?

ROBIN. She's always good, and so's Papa. But I'm always doing something I oughtn't to. But then, you know, I don't pretend to obey Sarah. I don't care a fig for Sarah, and I won't obey any woman but Mamma.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Who's Sarah?

ROBIN. She's our nurse, and she tells — I mustn't say what she tells, but it's not the truth. She told one about you the other day.

OLD GENTLEMAN. About me?

ROBIN. Yes. She said you were our grandpapa. So then I knew she was telling you know what.

OLD GENTLEMAN. How did you know it wasn't true?

ROBIN. Why, of course, if you were our mamma's father, you'd be very fond of her and come to see her. And you don't even know her. And if you were our grandfather, you'd come to see us, and perhaps give us Christmas boxes. I wish you were. It would be very nice.

OLD GENTLEMAN. (*To* DORA.) Would you like to have me for a grandfather?

DORA. Oh, very much.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Do you think your mother would let me come in if I went home with you?

NICHOLAS. Why, of course.

DORA. Oh, please do!

ROBIN. Are you just going to play that you are our grandfather?

OLD GENTLEMAN. Robin, I haven't had a Christmas for ten years. But when your mother was my little girl, Christmas was the best day in all the year. I want another Christmas.

"ROBIN, I HAVEN'T HAD A CHRISTMAS FOR TEN YEARS"

ROBIN. Then you are our grandfather really and truly?

OLD GENTLEMAN. Really and truly. Now do you think your mother will let me come in if I go home with you?

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, yes, yes, yes!

DORA. Oh, please, please do.

NICHOLAS. Maybe Mamma won't cry any more if you do.

OLD GENTLEMAN. (*Rising and taking* DORA *by the hand.*) Come, then, let us go home.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

(Dramatized from the poem by Robert Browning.)

IN TWO SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

THE MAYOR OF HAMELIN

THE COUNCILMEN

TOWNSPEOPLE

THE PIPER

CHILDREN

THE LAME BOY

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Scene 1

(*The council chamber of the Town Hall.* Mayor, *in ermine gown, and flowing wig, seated, facing the* Corporation. *Enter, with a rush, the* Townspeople, *in a body.*)

All Townspeople.

Rats!

First Townsman.

They fight the dogs and kill the cats!

Second Townsman.

And bite the babies in the cradles —

Third Townsman.

And eat the cheeses out of the vats —

Fourth Townsman.

And lick the soup from the cook's own ladles!

Fifth Townsman.

Split open the kegs of salted sprats —

SIXTH TOWNSMAN.

Make nests inside men's Sunday hats —

SEVENTH TOWNSMAN.

And even spoil the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats!

FIRST TOWNSMAN. (*To the* TOWNSPEOPLE.)

'Tis clear our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts who can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

FOURTH TOWNSMAN. (*To the* MAYOR *and* CORPORATION.)

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!

(*At this, the* MAYOR *and* CORPORATION
Quake with a mighty consternation.

The TOWNSPEOPLE *go out. The* MAYOR *rises, and walks to and fro in deep study.*)

MAYOR.

For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!

(*Just as he said this,*
what should hap
At the chamber door
but a gentle tap.)

Bless us! what's
that?
Only a scraping of
shoes on the
mat?
Anything like the
sound of a rat
Makes my heart go
pit-a-pat.
Come in!

AT THE CHAMBER DOOR BUT A GENTLE TAP

(*Enter the* PIPER.

His queer long coat, from heel to head
Is half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself is tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles go out and in.)

FIRST COUNCILMAN.

There is no guessing his kith and kin.

SECOND COUNCILMAN.

It's as my great-grandsire
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone.

(*The* PIPER *advances to the council table.*)

PIPER.

Please, your honors, I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.

THIRD COUNCILMAN. (*Aside to* FOURTH COUNCILMAN.)

Say, have you noticed round his neck
That scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check?

FOURTH COUNCILMAN.

And at the scarf's end, see, a pipe!

THIRD COUNCILMAN.

And his fingers, you notice, are ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low 'tis dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.

PIPER.

Yet, poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:

And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?

MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

One? fifty thousand!

SCENE 2

(*The street. Townspeople passing to and fro. The* PIPER *comes in, and passes slowly along the street. He is smiling.*)

FIRST TOWNSMAN.

He smiles a little smile
As if he knew some magic sleeps
In his quiet pipe the while.

(PIPER *raises the pipe to his lips.*)

SECOND TOWNSMAN.

See! To blow the pipe his lips he's wrinkled.

FIRST TOWNSMAN.

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkle
As a candle flame where salt is sprinkled.

(PIPER *begins to play.*)

SECOND TOWNSMAN.

I hear as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grows to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grows to a mighty rumbling —

FIRST TOWNSMAN. (*Pointing.*)

And out of the houses the rats come tumbling!

(*The townspeople are all watching the* PIPER. *They exclaim and point here and there at the thousands of imaginary rats that are pouring out of the houses.*)

THIRD TOWNSMAN.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats!

FOURTH TOWNSMAN.

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers —

FIFTH TOWNSMAN.

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers!

SIXTH TOWNSMAN.

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Follow the Piper for their lives!

SEVENTH TOWNSMAN.

From street to street he pipes advancing,
And step for step they follow dancing.

EIGHTH TOWNSMAN.

They are at the River Weser!

NINTH TOWNSMAN.

They have all plunged in and perished!

(*Great sounds of rejoicing, — bells ringing, shouts, etc.*)

MAYOR.

Go, and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!

(*Enter the* PIPER, *from the direction in which they have watched him go with the rats behind him.*)

PIPER.

First, if you please, my thousand guilders!

MAYOR.

A thousand guilders!

"THEY ARE AT THE RIVER WESER!"

A TOWNSMAN.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!

MAYOR. (*With a wink.*)

Beside,
Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!

PIPER. (*Angrily.*)

No trifling! I can't wait,
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.

MAYOR.

How? Do you think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!

(*He passes on. The* PIPER *raises his pipe to his lips, and again moves slowly down the street. The people look curiously at him.*)

FIRST PASSER-BY. (*With a puzzled look, and raising his hand to listen.*)

I hear a rustling.

SECOND PASSER-BY.

It sounds like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling!

THIRD PASSER-BY.

Small feet are pattering!

SECOND PASSER-BY.

Wooden shoes clattering;

FIRST PASSER-BY.

Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering!

(*They all look wonderingly around.*)

THIRD PASSER-BY. (*Pointing to the end of the street.*)

And like fowls in the barnyard when barley is scattering,
Out come the children running!

(*The children come tripping and skipping down the street and pass on in the direction the* PIPER *has gone. The people look after them with alarm, but they cannot move.*)

FIRST PASSER-BY.

The Piper has turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolls its waters
Right in the way of our sons and daughters!

SECOND PASSER-BY.

He's turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed!

THIRD PASSER-BY.

And after him the children press!

FOURTH PASSER-BY.

He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!

FIFTH PASSER-BY.

See, they have reached the mountain-side!

SIXTH PASSER-BY.

A wondrous portal has opened wide
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed!

SEVENTH PASSER-BY.

The Piper advances; the children follow!

EIGHTH PASSER-BY.

They are all in to the very last!

NINTH PASSER-BY.

The door in the mountain has shut fast!

TENTH PASSER-BY. (*Pointing, and beginning to run in the direction he points.*)

There's one who was lame!

FIRST PASSER-BY.

He could not run the whole of the way!

(*All run toward the* LAME BOY, *who is seen slowly coming up the street.*)

LAME BOY. (*Sadly.*)

My playmates are gone and I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more.

(*Tableau*)

THE STORY OF GLUCK

(Dramatized from "The King of the Golden River," by John Ruskin.)

IN FOUR SCENES

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

HANS, SCHWARTZ } the Two Cruel Older Brothers

GLUCK, the Youngest Brother

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN, who proves to be some one very unexpected

A DWARF, who is the King of the Golden River

A CONSTABLE

AN OLD MAN

A LITTLE CHILD

THE STORY OF GLUCK

Scene 1

(*The kitchen of a farmhouse.* Hans *and* Schwartz, *the two ugly, cruel elder brothers, are just about to go to the village.* Gluck, *the younger brother, is to stay at home and prepare the dinner.*)

Schwartz. Hans and I are going to the village. You are to stay at home and turn the mutton. Lock the door and don't let anybody in. Since the drought this summer spoiled the crops in the country all around here, everybody comes to us for corn, though not many of them want to pay for it. But indeed they shan't have any till I see the money first. What do I care if they haven't any money? They've starved at our door before this, and they may again. Don't let any one in, I say.

HANS. And don't give anything out. Let them call us the Black Brothers if they will. Little I care so long as I get their money. They shall pay what we like for what they get. Don't give anybody anything. And be sure not to let the mutton burn.

(*They go out, and* GLUCK *sits down close by the fire and begins to turn the roast.*)

GLUCK. How cold it is to-day! And how it rains! What a pity it is that my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them.

(*A double knock is heard at the house door.*)

GLUCK. What a heavy, dull knock! It sounds far more like a puff, or as if the knocker had been tied up.

(*The knock is heard again.*)

It must be the wind. Nobody else would dare to knock double knocks at our door.

(*A very hard knock.*)

It sounds like somebody in a great hurry. Who can it be?

(GLUCK *goes to the window, opens it, and puts his head out, then draws back quickly.*)

It's the strangest-looking little gentleman I've ever seen in my life. What an enormous cloak he wears! And how the wind whirls it about!

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. (*Shouting from outside.*) Hollo! That's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in!

GLUCK. He *is* wet. The water is running from the ends of his mustache like a mill stream. (*To the old gentleman.*) I beg your pardon, sir, I'm very sorry, but I really can't.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. Can't what?

GLUCK. I can't let you in, sir, I can't

"HOLLO! THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO ANSWER THE DOOR"

indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. Want? I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I want to warm myself.

GLUCK. It *is* cold, and he does look *very* wet. I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour.

(*He goes to the door and opens it, and the old gentleman walks in.*)

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. That's a good boy. Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them.

GLUCK. Pray, sir, don't do any such thing! I can't let you stay till they come. They'd be the death of me.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?

GLUCK. Only till the mutton's done, sir,

and it's very brown now. But sit down by the fire, sir. You'll soon dry there.

(*The old gentleman takes a seat very near the fireplace.*)

GLUCK. (*Aside.*) How very wet he is! His coat is running like a gutter. He's not drying at all. I'm afraid all that water will put the fire out. (*Aloud.*) I beg pardon, sir, may I take your coat?

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. No, thank you.

GLUCK. Your cap, sir?

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. I'm all right, thank you.

GLUCK. But, — sir, — I'm very sorry, but — really, sir, you're — putting the fire out.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. It'll take longer to do the mutton then.

GLUCK. (*Aside, with a puzzled look.*) I don't understand what he means at all.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. That mutton looks very nice. Can't you give me a little bit?

GLUCK. Impossible, sir.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. I'm very hungry. I've had nothing to eat yesterday or to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle.

GLUCK. They promised to give me one slice to-day, sir. I can give you that, but not a bit more.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. That's a good boy!

GLUCK. (*Cutting a large slice from the mutton.*) I don't care if I do get beaten for it.

(*There is a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumps up from his seat, and* GLUCK *fits the slice back in the mutton and runs to open the door.* SCHWARTZ *and* HANS *stagger in.*)

SCHWARTZ. What did you keep us waiting for?

(*He throws his umbrella at* GLUCK'S *head.*)

HANS. (*Boxing* GLUCK'S *ear.*) Ay! What for indeed?

SCHWARTZ. (*Catching sight of the* LITTLE GENTLEMAN.) Bless my soul!

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. (*Bowing very low.*) Amen!

SCHWARTZ. Who's that?

GLUCK. I don't know, indeed, Brother.

SCHWARTZ. How did he get in?

GLUCK. My dear brother, he was so very wet!

SCHWARTZ. (*Turning upon the old man.*) Who are you, sir?

HANS. What's your business?

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. I'm a poor old man, sir, and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour.

SCHWARTZ. Have the goodness to walk out again, then. We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying house for a beggar like you.

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. It's a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir. Look at my gray hairs!

HANS. Ay! There are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. I'm very hungry, sir. Couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?

SCHWARTZ. Bread, indeed! Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?

HANS. Why don't you sell your feather?

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. A little bit.

SCHWARTZ. Be off!

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. Pray, gentlemen —

HANS. Off with you!

LITTLE GENTLEMAN. Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again. After the treatment which I have just received, you will not be surprised if this is the last visit which I ever pay you.

SCHWARTZ. If I ever catch you here again —

(*The* LITTLE GENTLEMAN *goes out, shutting the house door behind him with a loud bang.* SCHWARTZ *runs to the window and looks out.*)

SCHWARTZ. Hans! Hans! Come quickly!

(HANS *runs to him, with* GLUCK *behind.*)

See that strange cloud driving past the window! Did you ever see such a low one?

HANS. What queer shapes it takes! It looks almost like a human being. Why, what a sudden gush of rain! And, bless me! there is the sun again! What became of that red-nosed beggar? I saw no sign of him outside. How could he have got out of sight so quickly?

(*The brothers return to the fire.*)

SCHWARTZ. A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck. Dish the mutton. If I ever catch you at such a trick again! Why, bless me! the mutton's been cut!

GLUCK. You promised me one slice, you know, Brother.

SCHWARTZ. Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the

gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again! Leave the room, sir!

(GLUCK *goes out, and the brothers sit down to their dinner, each with a big mug of beer by his side.*)

HANS. Where did that beggar come from? I've never seen his like in all the country side.

SCHWARTZ. The impudent fellow! Pay us a visit at twelve o'clock to-night, indeed! I'd like to see the man or beast that could get into our house when once we get the bars up.

HANS. One of these crazy village people I suppose he was. They are half of them starving because there hasn't been any rain down there this summer.

SCHWARTZ. Let them starve! As long as the Southwest Wind blows over our valley, we never need fear that our crops will lack for rain. No wonder they call this the Treasure Valley. Here, pour me another mug of that beer, will you?

(*The brothers proceed to get very drunk.*)

Scene 2

(*The brothers' bedroom.* Schwartz *and* Hans *are in bed. A storm is raging outside. The clock strikes twelve, and then there comes a loud crash at the door. Both brothers sit up in bed, and peer out.*)

Schwartz. Bless me! How the wind howls!

Hans. And how the rain rushes. The whole valley will be flooded.

(*A louder crash. The door bursts open, and in comes the* Little Gentleman.)

Schwartz. What's that?

Little Gentleman. Only I.

Hans. What are you doing here?

(*He starts to get out of bed.*)

Bless us, Brother, the room is full of water! Why, the roof is off!

Little Gentleman. Sorry to trouble you. I'm afraid your beds are a bit damp. Perhaps

you'd better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there, and it's quite dry.

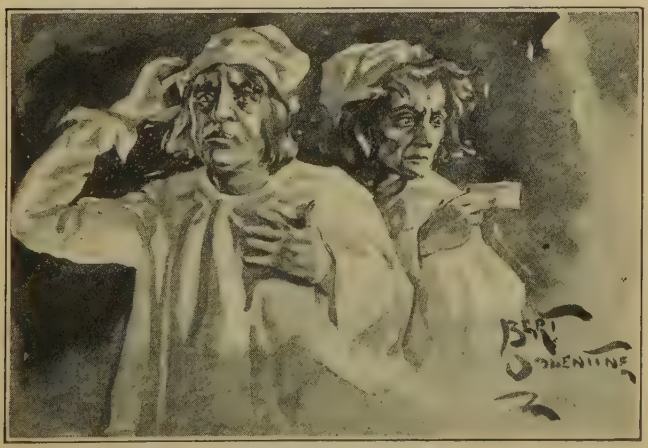
(*He turns to go.*)

I'll just leave my card here on the table. Remember, it's my last visit.

(*He goes out.*)

SCHWARTZ. Pray heaven it may be. Who is he? Where's that card? What does it say?

HANS. (*Picking it up and reading it.*) We are ruined, Brother; we're ruined, we're ruined!



"WE ARE RUINED, BROTHER!"

SCHWARTZ. (*Seizing the card from him.*) Ruined? How? Why? Who is he? (*Reading.*) Southwest Wind, Esquire! The southwest wind! The wind that brings all our treasures! And his last visit? Why didn't he tell us? How could we know that that red-nosed beggar was the Southwest Wind?

SCENE 3

(*A poor room in a house in the village. A furnace stands in one end of the room; at the other end is a window which looks toward the mountains among which lies the Treasure Valley. From the window may be seen the Golden River, which falls from a high peak of the mountain.* GLUCK *is tending the furnace.*)

GLUCK. How hot this furnace is! But if it weren't very hot, it would never melt our old gold and copper plates and cups, and then my brothers could not make rings and pins and bracelets out of them. And if they did not have the rings and pins and bracelets to

sell, there would be no money and we should all starve. So I don't dare to let the fire go down.

But very soon there won't be anything else left to melt down. Even the mug my grandfather gave me has been thrown into the melting pot now. And what we shall do when it is turned into bracelets and sold I do not know.

(*He goes to the window and throws up the sash to cool himself.*)

There are my beautiful mountains, and up there is the Treasure Valley where we used to live. But it isn't a Treasure Valley any longer. Ever since my brothers put the Southwest Wind out of the house, he has never once sent the rain clouds over the valley, and no rain ever falls there now. The trees are all dead, the wheat fields are gone. Even the grass doesn't grow there now. There's nothing in it but red sand.

And there's the Golden River. I never could see that from the Treasure Valley, be-

"THERE ARE MY BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS"

cause it tumbles down on this side of the mountain. Ah! if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!

(*Enter a little* DWARF, *dressed all in gold, with curling golden hair and golden beard falling halfway to the ground.*)

DWARF. No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy.

GLUCK. Wouldn't it?

DWARF. No, no, it wouldn't.

GLUCK. Pray, sir, who are you, sir?

DWARF. (*Drawing himself up to his full height.*) I am the King of the Golden River.

(*He turns about and struts up and down the room, about six feet each way. Then he comes back and stands in front of* GLUCK.)

GLUCK. I hope your Majesty is very well.

DWARF. Listen. I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. What I have seen of you and your conduct toward your wicked brothers makes me willing to help you. Therefore attend to what I tell you!

Whosoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which the Golden River falls, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But if he fails the first time he tries, he can never succeed in a second attempt; and if any one

shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will instantly become a black stone.

(*He goes out. Enter the two older brothers.*)

SCHWARTZ. Who was that I saw going out of our door as I came up the street? And how did he come to be inside?

GLUCK. Indeed, Brother, I do not know how he got in. When I turned from the window, he was standing in the middle of the room. He said he was the King of the Golden River.

HANS. A pretty tale this is you are telling us! You brought us to this beggarly pass by letting another stranger into the house.

(*He boxes* GLUCK *soundly.*)

Now tell us truly who this man was and what he was doing in here.

GLUCK. (*Sobbing.*) Indeed, Brother, I have told you the truth. I was standing by the

window, because I was very hot from minding the furnace. And I looked out and saw the Golden River, and I said I wished it was really gold, and then I looked round and saw him. And he said the way to make it turn into gold was to climb to its source and throw three drops of holy water into it there. And if any one tried and didn't succeed the first time, he never need try again, for it would be no use. Indeed, indeed, I am telling you the truth.

SCHWARTZ. (*To* HANS.) What do you think of such a story?

HANS. It is a very strange one.

(*Turning to* GLUCK *and seizing him roughly.*)

Come, boy. Play us no tricks. If I find you are lying to us, I'll kill you.

GLUCK. It is true as I tell you, Brother. He said he was the King of the Golden River, and that only as I have told you could the river be changed into real gold.

SCHWARTZ. Well, it is worth a trial. The

people in the city won't buy any more of our trinkets, for they say they are more copper than they are gold. And the last piece of plate went into the melting pot this morning anyhow. I can steal a flaskful of holy water from the church font. I think I shall climb the mountain to-morrow and try my fortune.

HANS. Indeed, and you're planning to get all the gold for yourself. We'll see about that. *I* will climb the mountain to-morrow myself.

SCHWARTZ. (*Striking at him.*) We'll see if you will!

HANS. (*Striking back.*) I'll see that you don't!

(*The brothers fight and struggle till the noise of the fray attracts a* CONSTABLE, *who rushes in.* HANS *manages to escape and hide, but the* CONSTABLE *seizes* SCHWARTZ *and drags him off to prison.*)

HANS. (*Creeping out of his hiding place when all is quiet again.*) Oho! So, my fine Schwartz! You would climb the mountain to-morrow indeed! The jailer will look after

that. Perhaps I may stop by the prison on my way up to see if you have any message for the King of the Golden River!

Scene 4

(*The mountain side.* Gluck *is seen climbing. He carries a basket of bread and a flask of water.*)

Gluck. The little king looked very kind. I don't think he will turn me into a black stone. But something must have happened to my brothers. Hans never came back, though he has been gone these three months. And then Schwartz came out of the prison, and started to climb the mountain, and he has never come home. I'm afraid the King of the Golden River didn't like their stealing the holy water. But perhaps he will not mind this, for the priest himself gave it to me.

(*He holds up the bottle and looks at it.*)

Ah, I am so thirsty. There is enough in the bottle for that.

(*He is uncorking the bottle and about to raise it to his mouth, when he sees an* OLD MAN *coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff.*)

OLD MAN. My son, I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water.

GLUCK (*Handing him the flask.*) Only, pray, don't drink it all!

(*The* OLD MAN *drinks a great deal, and hands back the flask only about a third full.*)

OLD MAN. (*Going on down the hill.*) Thank you, and good speed, my son.

GLUCK. (*Looking sorrowfully at his flask.*) I had better wait a while before I drink any.

(*He climbs on and on, till he is very tired, and nearly dead with thirst. Then he holds up the flask and looks at it.*)

I think I may drink a little. I need only three drops to cast into the river.

(*He starts to open the flask again, but his eyes fall upon a* LITTLE CHILD, *lying panting by the road-*

side. It cries out piteously for water. GLUCK *stoops and puts the bottle to the child's lips. It drinks all but a few drops. Then it smiles at him and gets up and runs off down the mountain.*)

I dare not drink these few drops.

(*He climbs on and on. Then he lifts the flask and looks at it.*)

Ah, I am thirsty. But the river is not far off now. I can wait.

(*Just as he hangs the flask to his belt again, he sees a little dog, lying on the rocks, gasping for breath.*)

I can't give him any water. There's hardly more than three drops left in the flask. And if I fail this time, I can never try again.

(*He starts on and the dog whines.*)

Poor beastie, it'll be dead when I come down again.

(*He stands undecided, looking at the dog. Then he suddenly opens his flask and pours every drop into the dog's throat.*)

GLUCK. Confound the King and his gold, too!

(The dog springs up and stands on its hind legs. And it is no dog at all, but the King of the Golden River.)

"POOR BEASTIE, IT'LL BE DEAD WHEN I COME DOWN AGAIN."

DWARF. Thank you, but don't be frightened. It's all right. Why didn't you come before, instead of sending those brothers of yours for me to have the trouble of turning into stones. Very hard stones they make, too.

GLUCK. Oh, dear me! Have you really been so cruel?

DWARF. Cruel? They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I am going to allow that?

GLUCK. Why, I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font.

DWARF. Very probably. But they left a little child and an old man to die of thirst on the mountain side as they passed by. The water which has been refused to the weary and dying is unholy, and only the water which is found in the vessels of mercy is holy.

(*He stoops and picks a lily at his feet. On its leaves hang three drops of dew. He shakes them into the flask.*)

DWARF. Cast these three drops of dew into the river, and see what happens.

(GLUCK *obeys, and stands waiting.*)

GLUCK. I do not see any gold. But the river is not so deep. It is going down fast. What is happening?

DWARF. Put your ear to the ground and listen.

GLUCK. I hear water, working its way under ground. It is going that way.

(*He points.*)

DWARF. Come and see what lies that way.

GLUCK. (*Peering under his hand.*) There is the Treasure Valley. Oh, look, look! There is a river like the Golden River! It is gushing out of the rocks where there was never a river before. I can see fresh green grass springing up beside it. I can see the flowers opening along its sides. I can see a beautiful garden covering the heaps of red sand.

DWARF. The Treasure valley is yours. Go and dwell in it. The poor will never be driven away from your door; and for you the river shall indeed be a river of gold.

SUGGESTIONS FOR USE IN PUBLIC EXERCISES

Sleeping Beauty

The fairies of the wood, the brook, and the meadow should have costumes to correspond with their homes. A variety of materials may be used. Stiff skirts and wings of gauze, soft draperies of cheesecloth, or crêpe-paper dresses and decorations, are all possible and pretty. Tinsel fringe will give the desired sparkle to the robes of the brook fairies, or they may be spangled. Rushes or ferns may be used as trimmings. The wood fairies should wear soft wood browns and greens, with acorns and oak leaves, while the meadow fairies wear lighter green, with wreaths of daisies or other meadow flowers. It is prettier if they come dancing in, and dance forward when they present their gifts. Pretty graceful movements for them may be worked out in the physical training exercises of the class.

The final march may be made as elaborate as is desired.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

See illustrations in "Through the Looking Glass" for costuming. The brothers' collars may be made of stiff paper, marked respectively "Dum" and "Dee."

The Crow may be a child suitably costumed, with wide black wings, or, preferably, may be left altogether to the imagination.

Cinderella

Cinderella should wear, domino fashion, a ragged, ill fitting dress, under which should be the fairy gown, which will be revealed when the domino is thrown off.

One or more minuets, or other old dances, may be used in the ball-room scene, thus enabling all the pupils to take part.

Three Little Christmas Waits

In the beginning of Scene 2, several old songs, such as "Annie Laurie," "Kathleen

Mavourneen," or "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," may be sung, before Robin appears. All of the children may participate here, some of them singing in the anteroom to swell the volume of the music. It is desirable that all the songs used be such as are prepared in the regular music period.

In the beginning of Scene 3, Christmas songs or carols are sung, preferably not supported by other children outside.

A final tableau may be used, showing the reunited family around the Christmas tree.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

It is not usually desirable that the rats be represented. A better effect is obtained by the gestures of the children, indicating by pointing here and there and everywhere about them the large number of rats that is supposed to be pouring out of the houses.

If possible, work out a pretty skipping or dancing step for the children who follow the Piper.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

It is not always necessary that children commit to memory dramatizations for public exercises. For informal programs like "Friday Afternoons," it is usually as interesting to have the parts read.

In informal and classroom dramatics, too much stress should not be laid on costuming. It is better to develop the children's power of make-believe by letting a crimson portiere or tablecloth serve as a royal robe and the pointer as a sword or scepter. Sometimes a blackboard sketch may suggest the scene, as a few palm trees where the oasis is supposed to be, or a window that Gluck may look out of when he sees the Little Gentleman. In all of this the children will prove fertile in suggestions, and should be allowed to participate in every way possible to them.

Where there are not parts enough to go

around, there may be several casts for the same play, which may present it to different audiences, or from which the cast for the final performance may be elected by the class.

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Eau Claire State Teachers College

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